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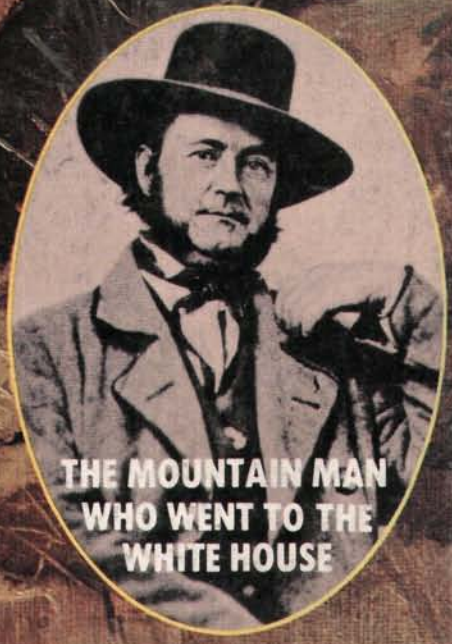

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- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,

standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

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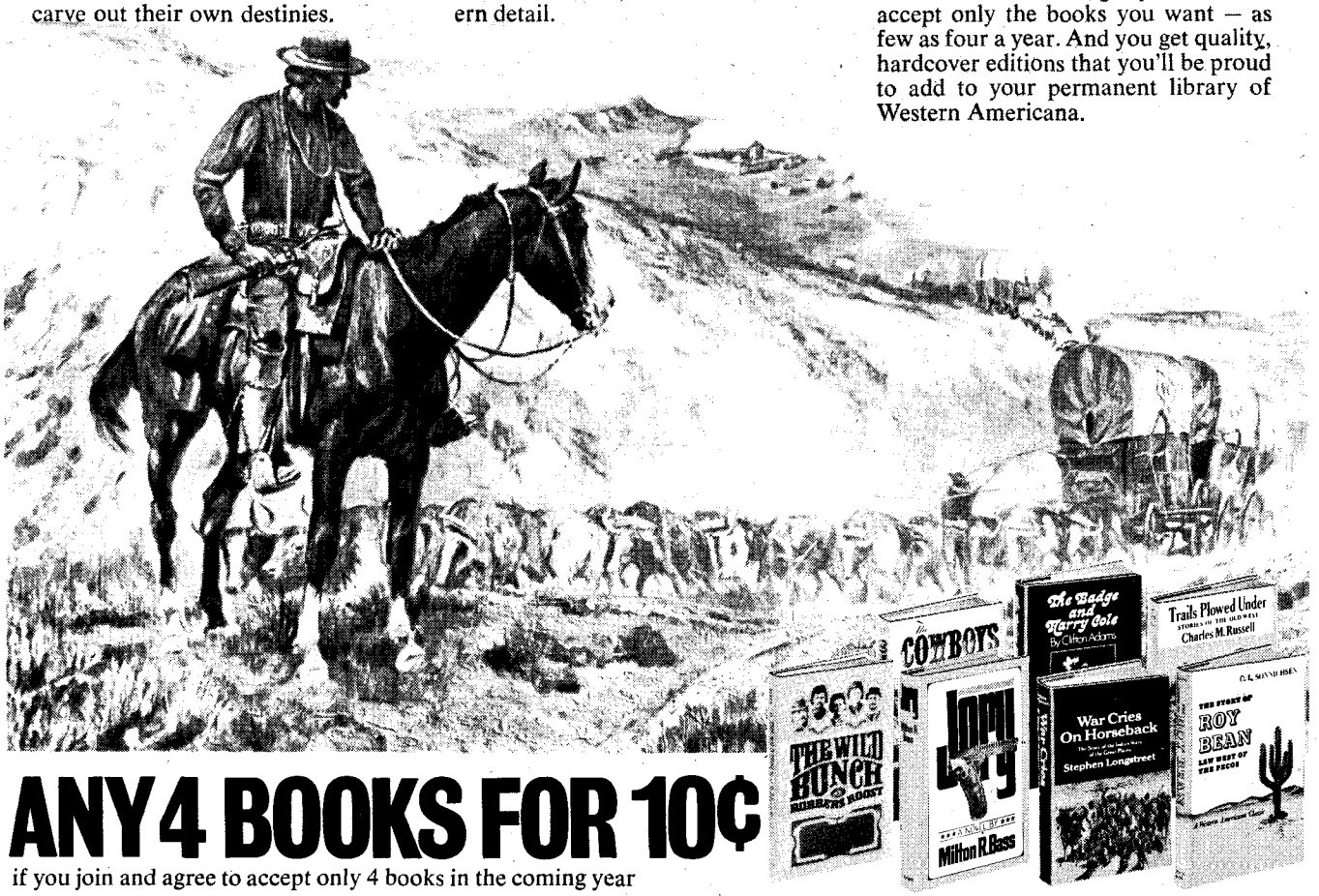

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TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

AUGUST 1973 VOLUME 17, NUMBER 1

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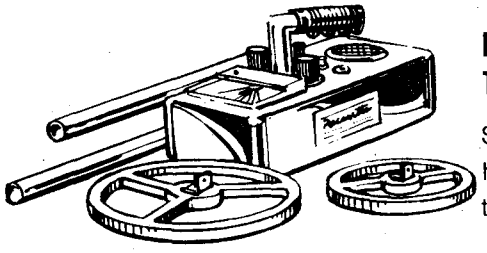

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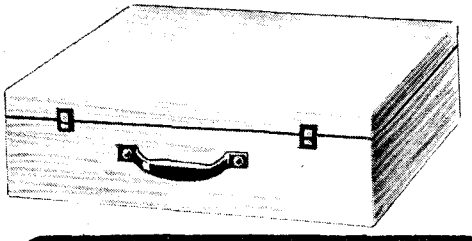

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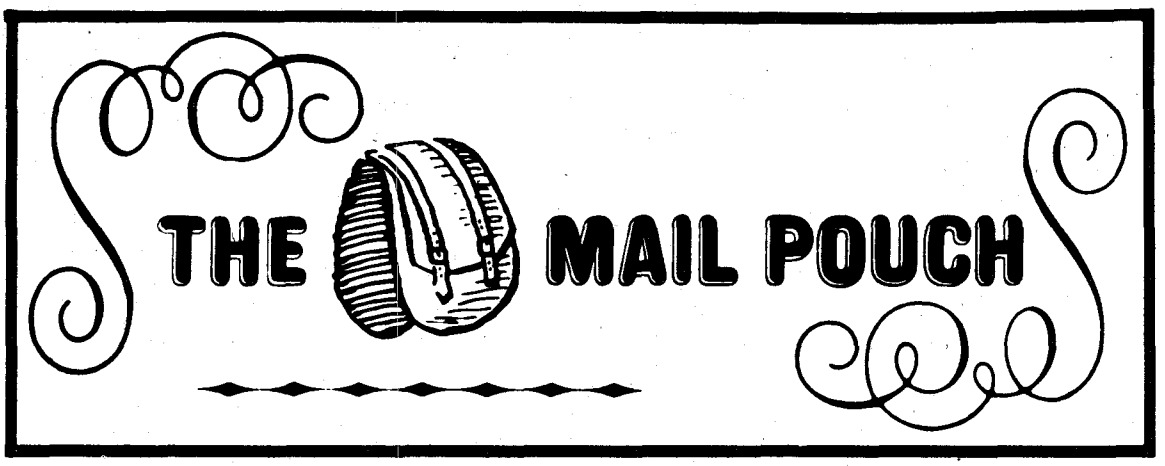

VILLA'S RAID

I have read with great interest the article, "Pancho Villa's Columbus Raid," by Ruth Molthan, in the March, 1973 issue of your magazine. It happens that I have written somewhat extensively upon that same subject myself, have explored the scene in some detail and am personally acquainted (rather, I should say, was acquainted, for most of them are now dead) with numerous men who were present in Columbus at the time of the raid.

The first part of the article, the recapitulation of Villa's early career and the possible motives that led him to the road upon Columbus are accurate. I am chagrined to note that the writer repeats most of the common errors, and even adds one or two new ones—at least they are new to me.

First, she repeats the old bromide that Colonel Slocum ignored the information given him by Juan Favela. Just how and when was Juan Favela identified? The official reports state that a Mexican whose name nobody could remember came to Slocum with the information. Slocum persuaded the man, over his own strenuous objections, to return to Mexico for additional information. Slocum paid the man out of his own pocket—there was not a single cent available for obtaining information, and under President Wilson's very positive orders Slocum could neither send any of his own people into Mexico, nor go himself.

All evidence indicates that Slocum took the warning very seriously, and took such precautions as were possible with the very limited number of men he had. The 13th Cavalry was scattered over some sixty-five miles of Border, with two troops at Gibson's Ranch (which Slocum considered, erroneously, as it turned out, to be the most threatened point), nearly a full troop opposite Palomas, and one troop at Leavenworth, Kansas, a troop that had never joined the main part of the regiment on the border.

Late in the evening before the raid, Slocum, with a Spanish-speaking officer of the command, rode to the border opposite Palomas and questioned the Carranzista detachment there. With negative results—and he noted that the Carranzistas had dug their trenches facing north; as he approached the Carranzistas hastily manned their trenches.

And as for Slocum and several officers being in Deming until after daybreak, and returning to camp only after the Mexicans had retired—this is a brand new one, and is absolutely untrue, despite the writer's statement that "It is a matter of record." What records? Where are they? How does it happen that numerous historians (including myself, if I may say so) have gone over everything obtainable about the raid with a fine-tooth comb, without ever seeing anything of the kind?

There were no quarters for married people at Camp Furlong. The only officers who actually lived in the camp were two bachelor lieutenants, Benson and Lucas, who occupied a one-room adobe shack, the ruins of which are still standing. All of the married officers, including Colonel Slocum, lived in the town. It is a matter of record that they were cut off and surrounded by the first wave of attackers, and Colonel Slocum was one of the first, if not the very first, to arrive at the scene of the fighting in the town—and this was before daybreak. Lieutenant Benson was absent from the camp in command of one of the detached outposts; Lieutenant Lucas arrived at Columbus on the midnight train, from a polo trip to El Paso—and in the cavalry at that time a polo trip was regarded as almost being official business.

The jamming of the machine guns —this has been repeated until people actually believe it. It is true that the Benet-Mercier machine gun was a complex weapon, subject to jams, but there is no evidence of any serious malfunctioning either at Columbus or in the subsequent Punitive Expedition. In fact, under Lieutenant Lucas (the regimental machine gun officer) the "jammed" guns fired over 5,000 rounds in three-quarters of an hour.

The rest of the author's description of the actual fighting in Columbus accords with my own information on the subject, except that I am inclined to question the exact quotations from conversations during the fighting.

And a very minor inaccuracy—on page 61, "Somehow Pershing smelled him out, etc." Tompkins' march to Parral was his own idea, because he knew that the region of Parral was Villa's favorite stamping ground. Tompkins discussed the matter thoroughly with Pershing, who finally authorized him to take a force and explore the Parral region in the hope that he might find Villa, or at least get some definite information. It was a "shot in the dark," based upon possibilities, rather than information.

And as for the Apache Scouts—the writer conveys the impression that they were specially enrolled for the Punitive Expedition. They were the detachment of Indian Scouts, enlisted as such, and were a part of the Regular Army. Many of them were veterans of the campaigns against Geronimo in the 1870's and 1880's. Sergeant Chicken, the first sergeant, for example.

Captain Boyd is described as a "hot-headed young captain." In 1916

(Continued on page 66)

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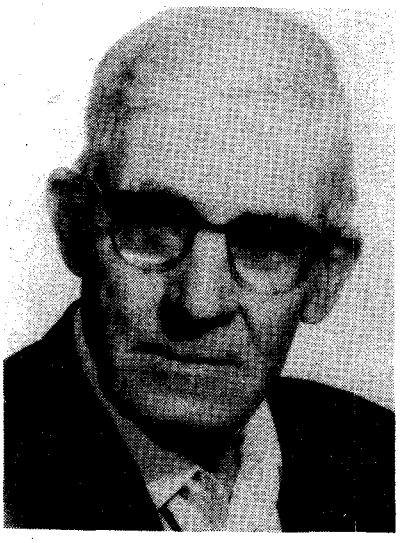

By Bill Salisbury

THE WAY IT WAS IN THE DEPRESSION

THERE WAS MY wife and I and four little boys on a small farm 13 miles from Hayden, Colorado. This farm belonged to my grandmother as she had homesteaded it years before. As she was gone and the land was available and there was no work to be had hardly any place, we drifted there.

At first we lived in a one-room cabin I built of quaker logs I hauled down from the nearby hills. At first it did not have a floor. In shopping around I found a wood building I could buy for $10.00, which took me several weeks to come up with. I finally did raise the money to floor the house and add another room which really thrilled the children.

Every time one of the neighbors came by for some time the children would run and meet them yelling, "We got a floor in our house," which really embarrassed their mother.

Well, then we planted a garden and a crop of potatoes and I worked on the side for the neighboring farms and ranchers at times like the wheat harvest and haying time. At that time it paid $2.00 a day and dinner. With our garden, a few chickens and a milk cow, we got by pretty good, but were wanting to do better.

Learning that there was an eight-foot vein of coal on the place and that I also had the mineral rights, I talked to several of the neighbors and found they would be glad to trade cows, chickens, pigs, or anything for coal. I proceeded to float a loan on the land, which was not easy. To the bank this looked like a paying proposition so we worked out a deal. I built a coal chute from the mouth of the mine, which was atop a small cliff, down to where I could build a road, and there I built a coal bin all out of logs from the nearby hills.

I was in business. The local price of coal was $4.00 a ton. All I had to do was mine it, which I proceeded to do.

Things really looked up for us. It looked like we had found a way to really make it.

The first winter I traded for several milk cows, some hogs and quite a few chickens and feed for stock, too. All for coal from our mine. Then the following spring I was out in the field planting potatoes when a car came up the road. It stopped and a well dressed man with a briefcase got out and waited for me to approach, which I did forthwith. It was unusual to see fancy cars and well-dressed people in that area at that time.

"Do you have a coal mine operating on your place?" he asked.

"Yes, on a small scale," I answered. "I operate it myself. I don't hire any labor."

Then he told me, "I am from the government. I represent the N.R.A."

Naturally I said "Never heard of it. And besides, how does it concern me? I own this land and I also own the mineral rights on it, so I am doing everything in an honest and legal manner."

He shook his head and said, "Sorry, but you are going to have to shut it down, as under the new law of the N.R.A. you must have a government permit, which we will not issue to you as the larger mining companies in this area that were in business for years say they can take care of the trade without further competition."

So believe it or not I was out of the coal business, pretty quick, and the money I had borrowed still had to be paid.

I survived the summer. Then came potato digging time which I was looking forward to as I had planted 30 acres and had a bumper crop.

I thought, in spite of the coal fiasco, I'd sell my spuds and pay my loan. So I went to town and bought 500 sacks at five cents each, then hired some hands to pick the potatoes. I promised these people 10 cents a hundred for picking.

We went at it hammer and tongs. We got all the spuds out and what I didn't have room for in the cellar I dug a large pit and dumped them in it, then covered them with dirt, thinking if the weather was right later in the fall I could uncover them a few at a time and sort and sack them. If not I would leave them till spring then work with them. I finally got a couple of truck loads sorted and bagged. Then I went to town to look for potato buyers.

That's when I really met disappointment. The going price of potatoes was 25 cents a hundred. After paying five cents for sacks and 10 cents for picking it didn't leave me much for cultivating them, then sorting and sacking them, and I sure couldn't pay off much loan at that rate. So having traded for quite a few hogs and the grain to feed them, I had quite a crop of hogs and shoats. I proceeded to shop around to see if I could sell some hogs and sure enough I had a good market for them in the three nearby towns. Six cents a pound dressed.

I accepted the offer and got to the task of butchering. After all, I still owed the loan on the coal mine and it was a matter of survival.

After selling off all the pigs and what potatoes I could find a market for, I still had a deficit on my loan. So I decided, well, I'll have to sell the milk cows I had traded for as I would have to somehow get feed for them come winter. This I hated to do as the cows were my only source of income seeing as how a five

(Continued on page 66)

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ROUND-UP • • TIME • •

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Was Captain Samuel H. Walker shot to death or stabbed? R.H., Boston, Mass.

A. He fell at Huamantla, Mexico, "pierced by two escopette balls" according to a contemporary soldier. Some old drawings show him being shot from a balcony, but also being pierced with a lance by a Mexican soldier. The Walker Colt revolver was named after him.

Q. Many have boated *through the Grand Canyon, we know. But has anyone ever* walked *through the Canyon? N.H., Avera, Fla.*

A. Yes. Starting at Hualpai Hilltop, west of Havasu Creek Canyon, Colin Fletcher, a Welshman and veteran of WW II, in 1963 walked the Esplanade, nearly 2,000 feet above the Colorado River on the wall of the Canyon, and along the Tonto Platform, emerging two months later at Point Imperial, on the Kaibab Plateau. His food supply came through caches previously made, and by air drops. His final two-week hike kept his path quite close to the river below and on its banks. Fletcher is a professional hiker, and whoever duplicates his feat will need the stamina and courage he displayed. His book, *The Man Who Walked Through Time,* tells his experience.

Q. What is the correct spelling of Bvt. Maj. Gen. (Ronald, or is it Ranald) S. Mackenzie, the officer who distinguished himself in the Southwestern Indian Wars of the 1870's? L.L.C., Washington, D.C.

A. The Official Army Register for January 1883 gives the officer's first name as Ranald, with an "a."

Q. Can you tell us something about J. McConnell of Payette Valley, Idaho, leader of the Vigilantes? R.S., Alto Pass, Id.

A. McConnell became incensed when he lost several good horses to thieves. Enlisting the aid of neighboring ranchers they rode in a posse and captured one of the thieves alive. His confession revealed that he was only one member of a widely-spread syndicate of horsethieves. McConnell then organized a Vigilante Committee and went after the thieves in all seriousness. They rid the country of thieves. McConnell went on to become Governor and the state's first U.S. Senator.

Q. What is a "leppy"? S.S.N., La Fontaine, Ind.

A. A motherless calf; the same as a "dogie."

Q. My wife and I visited Colorado and saw "Buffalo Bill" Cody's grave on Lookout Mountain, west of Denver. Now our folks tell us that they have seen his grave at Cody, Wyoming. What gives? Who is right? J.B., Newcomerstown, Ohio.

A. Cody's remains are buried on Lookout Mountain; what your folks saw was probably the immense bronze statue of Cody astride his horse that stands near the Cody Museum in Cody, Wyoming, and which they mistook for a grave marker instead of a memorial marker to his memory.

Q. Where did the term "Indian Giver" as used in the West originate? G.T., Mansfield, Ohio.

A. The epithet, for that is what it was as the white man used it, no doubt came from the first dealings with Indians in North America. But it arose from a misconception about the Indians. Indians never *gave away* the land to the white man, for land to them was like a Mother, giving them food and shelter. However, when the white man made them gifts, and went through his own legal processes and conceptions of "buying the land," he expected to "own" it. Not so the Indians. They meant only to let the white man use the land temporarily. When they asked for the land back, the whites called them "Indian Givers." The Indians felt that the most honored person in the tribe was he who *gave away* the most to his tribesmen. But many of his gifts were later returned by his fellow men as they grew more affluent or fortunate. Hence, the white man's "Indian Giver."

Q. What was Red Cloud's Sioux name? When did he die? K.W., Fremont, Nebr.

A. The young Ogalala Teton Sioux was called Maq-pelu-ta, which is reported to mean "flying red cloud." Various dates of his birth are given—1818 and 1822, somewhere along the North Platte River. He died at Pine Ridge, S.D., Dec. 10, 1909. Red Cloud is said to have fought in 200 pitched battles, many of them against the white man; after signing the "peace paper" at age 62 he never again took up war against either white men or red. During his long and honorable career he fought against such generals as Miles, Sheridan, Crook, Terry and Custer.

Q. Is it possible that wild horses *will become extinct in the west, like the dodo bird? F.H., Fremont, Utah.*

A. Doubtful. There are some areas, such as deep in the Grand Canyon, where man can hardly get in to roundup the wild mustangs that still run there, unless he learns to gather them with helicopters. Also, the wild ones in northern Wyoming have friends who are keeping them alive. But generally speaking, the wild horse is an object of the past.

Q. From where does the word "blizzard," as used to describe bad snowstorms, come? G.Y.L., Goode, Va.

A. The actual origin is unknown, but according to Webster it comes from an archaic term used to describe *"a volley of shots,"* probably from an old military term, after the invention of the harquebus and serpentine lock, when a rank of soldiers could simultaneously fire their pieces at the enemy before them. The German word *blitz* (blitzkrieg) may have a common root.

Q. Has any cattleman attempted to raise cattle today in the old-time fashion, that is without all the refinements of scientific breeding, feeding, etc. G.H., Livingston, Montana.

A. What is certainly an approach to old-time practices in *letting nature do its own work* is being attempted with some good success by Tom Lasater, an ex-Texas cowman, now ranching near Matheson, in east-central Colorado. His privately developed breed is called Beefmaster. Lasater apparently believes in the Darwinian laws of survival of the fittest, appears to feel that all livestock should be permitted to undergo life's challenges by "being born, bred and performance-tested under the conditions under which they are to be used." He may have something there. His stock is big and rugged; fine eating beef.

Q. I read where a man used a gunnysack for a saddle blanket. Comment. D.S.L., Riley, Kansas.

A. Many poor farmers have done this, but they are asking for trouble and sore-backed horses. No self-respecting horseman or cowboy would be caught dead with a gunnysack under his saddle. Dust, grain and dirt would work into the horse's back. Where did you read such? Who would admit to it? ●

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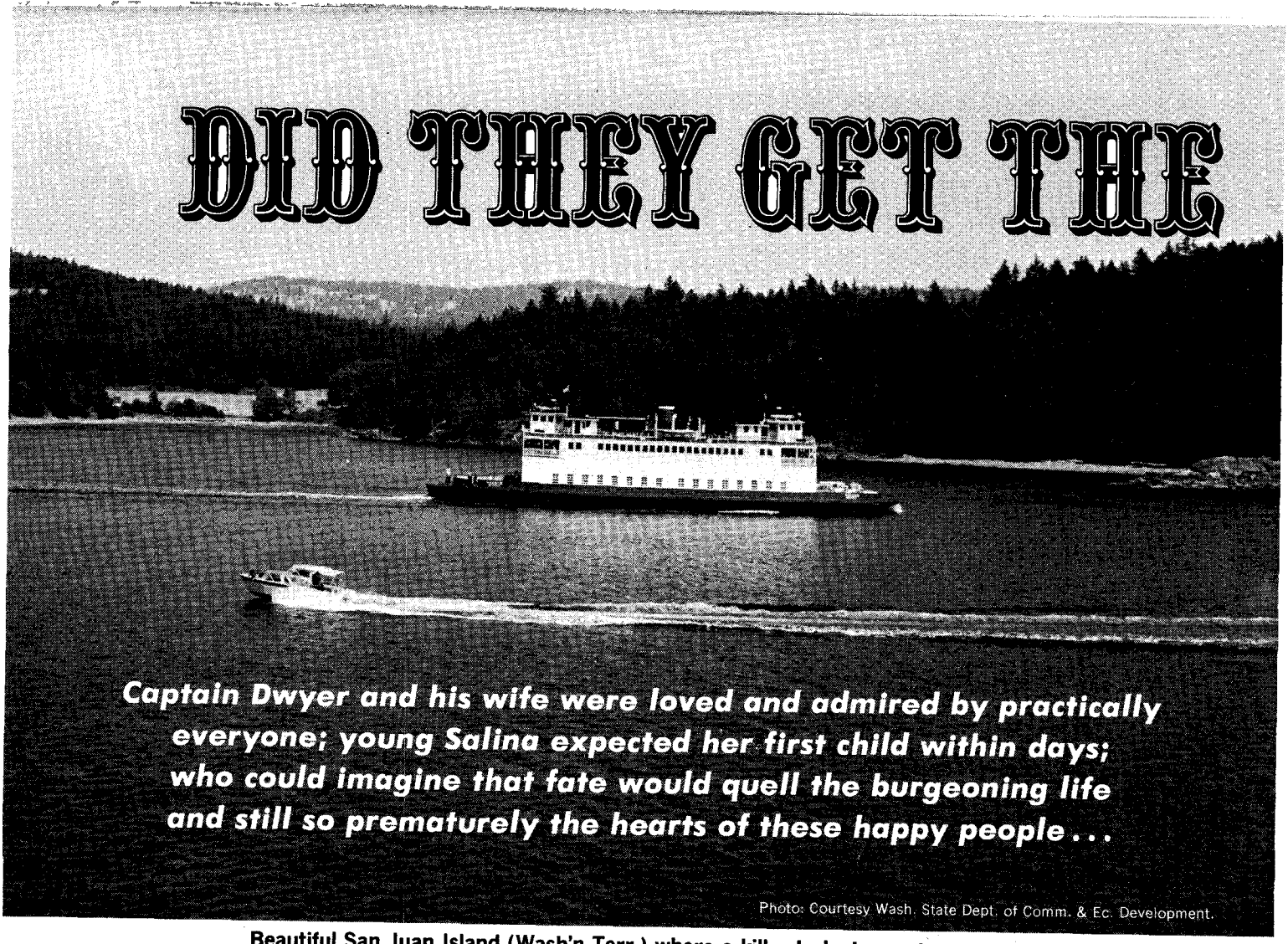
DID THEY GET THE



Captain Dwyer and his wife were loved and admired by practically everyone; young Salina expected her first child within days; who could imagine that fate would quell the burgeoning life and still so prematurely the hearts of these happy people . . .

Photo: Courtesy Wash. State Dept. of Comm. & Ec. Development.

Beautiful San Juan Island (Wash'n Terr.) where a killer lurked a century ago.

by T.W. Paterson

URGING THE RELUCTANT CALF onward, Mrs. Terrell wearily plodded along the dusty land to her neighbor's farm. It was four hard miles to the Dwyer homestead and the old farmwife mentally chided the captain's carelessness in letting his calf wander off. Even if he and his pretty young wife were their nearest neighbors and best friends, she would still tell him tactfully to be more careful in the future.

At the end of a freshly-turned field, harnessed to the plough, stood Dwyer's team. Approaching, she observed a man lying on the ground beside the patiently waiting horses. Smiling despite her weariness, she thought: **That Cap'n Dwyer—always joking. He thinks he's fooling me by pretending to be asleep.**

"Yoo hoo, Cap'n! Come now, I'm onto your tricks; you can't fool old Mrs. Terrell!"

When Dwyer failed to respond (by rising with a sheepish grin), she toed him gently. And then she knew! With a stifled shriek, she wheeled about, hobbling back as fast as she could toward her own home. When she finally staggered, exhausted, into her front yard, she could barely speak for fright and lack of breath.

Hours later Mrs. Terrell's almost incoherent description of her grim discovery, that morning of May 16, 1873, had swept the Pacific Northwest. As the first, sketchy reports were verified by telegraph, thousands in Washington Territory and British Columbia excitedly discussed what was to become one of the most shocking and unusual murder cases in pioneer history.

"Yesterday afternoon a telegraphic despatch reached us conveying the news of the horrible murder of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dwyer, on San Juan Island," reported the Victoria *Colonist*.

"The brief details of the message gave only a faint allusion as to the reason for the commission of the crime, but it states that the unfortunate woman, found yesterday morning breathing her last on the floor of the dwelling house occupied by herself and her husband, had been hit with a bullet in the side, probably from a gun discharged through the window.

Mr. Dwyer's body was discovered about 200 yards from his residence, being shot in the head, and having fallen down in the furrow of the field he was in the act of plowing.

"The murder will doubtless arouse the ire and sympathy of every inhabitant of San Juan Island, and it is to be sincerely hoped that every effort will be made to mete out justice to the murderers. The bodies of the deceased twain will probably be brought to this city for burial, as they have many friends and relatives residing (here)..."

The Dwyers had been a popular couple. A member of the Victoria Tiger Engine Company before taking up permanent residence on San Juan Island, the 35-year-old Nova Scotian had been well known in the Northwest as owner of the sloop *Alarm*. The Dwyers had been married less than a year and Silina, who was barely 20 years old, had been expecting her first child within days.

Immediate details of the atrocity were scant. Time of the slayings was tentatively fixed as about noon of the day before Mrs. Terrell's discovery. Dwyer had been shot through the head while ploughing, his wife murdered in the house. Apparently she had heard or witnessed his slaying and locked herself in, the assassin firing through a window.

Speculation as to motive and identity of the murderer(s) centered on a previous relationship of Dwyer with an Indian woman who had borne him several chil-

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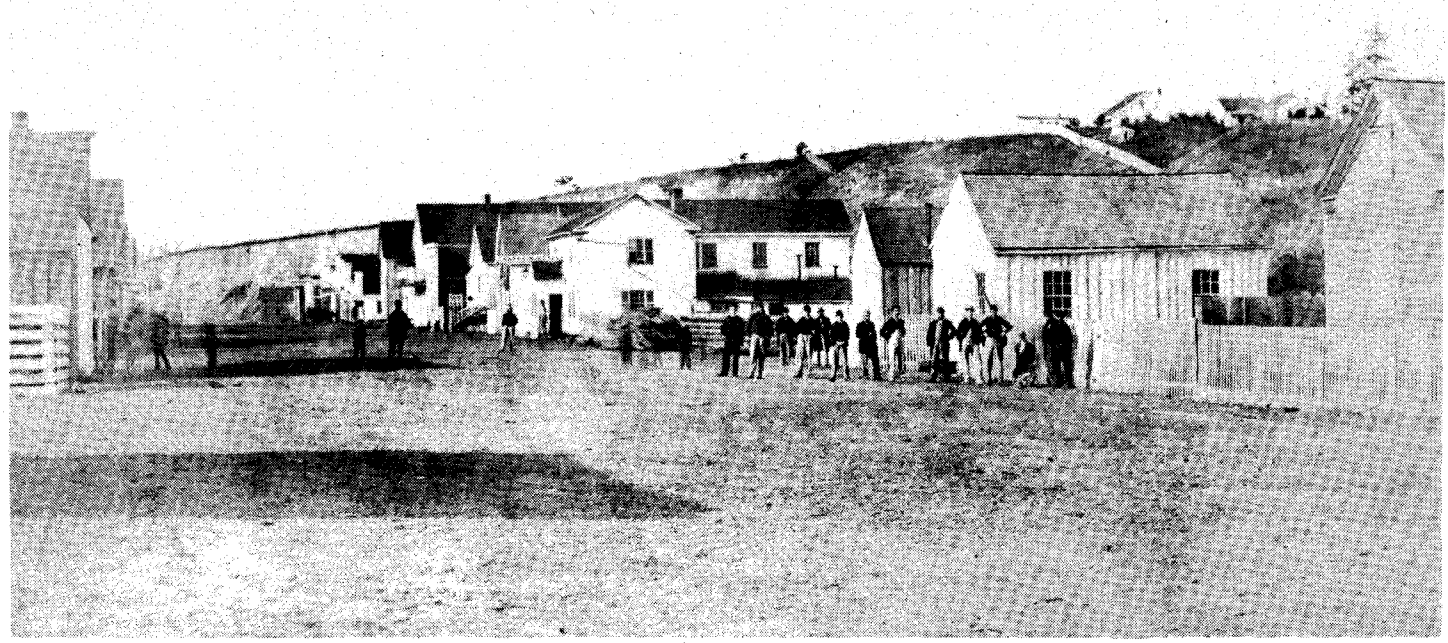
SAN JUAN KILLER?

Photo: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.



Port Townsend, where a gallows awaited the San Juan killer of the popular Dwyers.

dren. Dwyer had terminated the romance by marrying Salina, and it was supposed the squaw's proud Haida kinfolk had taken revenge. Lending some support to this theory was the report that the house had not been ransacked.

The following day the bodies were returned to Victoria, and the inquest got underway.

Despite the fact that San Juan Island was now American, (after the famous "Pig War,") B.C. Provincial Police assumed charge of the investigation, apparently with Washington Territory approval.

As officers reconstructed the crime, they surmised Dwyer and his slayer had talked then argued, for some time, the killer accompanying him as he ploughed. Finally, as Dwyer turned his team to begin a new furrow, his antagonist, enraged, shot him through the back of the head.

All this time Mrs. Dwyer had been seated on the front porch, watching as she sewed on a scarlet gown for her expected baby. Her pair of scissors were found on the steps where she had dropped them.

"It is supposed that, on seeing the murderer approach, she fled inside the house and locked the door. The door was locked and the key and the gown, bathed in blood, lay by the woman's side.

"The murderer, evidently wishing to destroy the only witness of his first crime, fired through the window with his rifle and only slightly wounded Mrs. Dwyer in the side. He appears then to have smashed in the lower sash, jumped inside the house, and shot Mrs. Dwyer with her husband's gun, which was loaded with buckshot, riddling the head and breast. Some papers, two watches and a small amount of money only are missing, although a trunk was ransacked...

"The perpetrator is believed to be a

Photo: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.

Members of the Tiger Engine Company led funeral procession for Dwyers.

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Photo: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.

Service was held in Victoria's Christ Church.

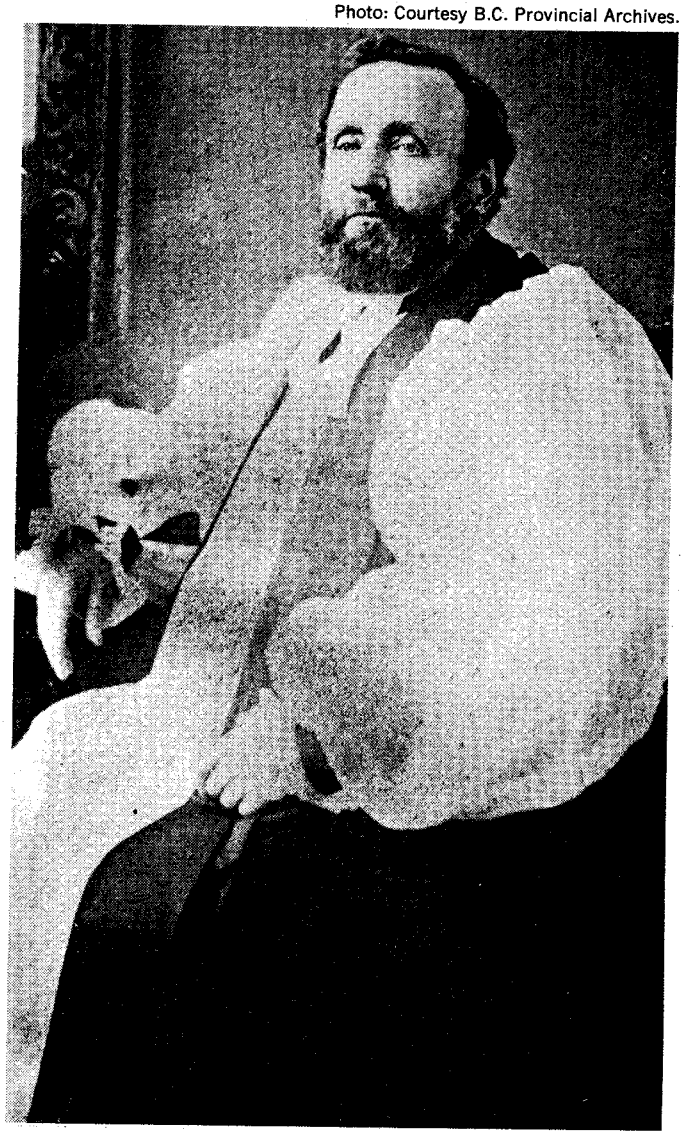

Photo: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.

Dean Cridge conducted service for murdered couple.

white man, as the tracks of No. 7 boots, full-nailed, are plainly traced through the field along with Dwyer's tracks. Mr. Saunders says the house was a picture of neatness, and the poor girl had arranged the little stock of baby clothes, which she expected to use next week, in a box made especially for the purpose."

Only months before an Englishman had been murdered in the same mysterious manner. As anxious San Juan Islanders banded together for protection, the Victoria fire department lowered its flags to half-mast.

Two days after the slayings, Victoria observed one of its saddest occasions as "...the most melancholy cortege ever formed in the city wound its way through the streets to the new cemetery... The cortege was composed of firemen, Odd Fellows, and citizens on foot and in carriages. The streets through which it passed were thronged with the young and old of both sexes and all conditions of life.

"In truth, it was a sad, sad sight, one on which we hope never again to look. Two young hearts, happy in each other's love, and rejoicing in the prospect of a long, useful and happy career, struck down with not a moment's warning, by the hands of an assassin!

"At about 2 o'clock the procession left the hall—the bodies being borne in two hearses—and as the line moved, the solemn strains of Schaffer's band and the melancholy clanging of the enginehouse bells (the selfsame bells that only a few months before pealed for joy on the occasion of the wedding of the man and woman whose requiem they now sounded) touched every heart. As the cortege passed up Fort Street the emotion of some of the spectators found vent in tears and sobs.

"The bodies were conveyed to Christ Church Cathedral where the beautiful burial service of the Church of England was read by Dean Cridge. At the conclusion of this solemn ceremony the bodies were borne to the cemetery, where, amidst a general outburst of sorrow, they were laid...

"Within the cold grave's silent breast,
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest."

Earlier, members of the Tiger Company and citizens had raised $500 reward for apprehension of the killer. As the tragic couple was laid to rest, provincial officers and a Washington detective were reported to be "on the track."

As Washington Territory posted a reward of $1,000, it was learned an Indian and a Kanaka had visited a farm on the outskirts of Victoria for provisions. Chatting amiably with the farmer, the strangers had asked if he'd heard of the San Juan Island murders. When the pioneer identified one of his visitors as having threatened Dwyer with "an untimely end" more than once, charging a previous claim to the captain's farm, police hurried to the scene. But the mysterious duo, armed with a shotgun and rifle, had vanished.

However, later the same day they presented themselves at the government land office, proving themselves to be "peaceful settlers in search of land." Their description and weapons were a striking coincidence, in light of subsequent events.

Another day passed. "No fresh arrests have been made..." the Victoria *Daily Standard* reported. "Although our police deserve praise for the alacrity and untiring energy with which they sought and are

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Photo: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.

Capt. Henry Dwyer had nothing on mind but plowing.

Photo: Courtesy B.C. Provincial Archives.

Magistrate Andrew C. Elliott heard extradition pleas.

at present endeavoring to descry the trail of the guilty, the dreadful tragedy remains under a cloud, and the foul fiend in the shape of a human wretch is still at large, perchance in our very midst."

Ironically, the "foul fiend" was indeed "in our very midst."

To add to the international flavor, an American lawyer, Thomas G. Murphy, arrived in Victoria. While Canadian officers had conducted the investigation in Whatcom County, W.T., and the inquest and funeral had been held in Victoria, B. C., it remained for the Washington counsel to arrest the suspects in Victoria! Acting upon information learned at the scene of the crime (never publicly stated), Murphy "disguised his dress in such a manner as not to be easily recognized," and played amateur detective.

All night, he tramped Victoria streets, searching all establishments frequented by natives. Finally, at 6:30 in the morning, while heading for breakfast in a Yates Street restaurant, the weary investigator spotted his quarry. "Kanaka" Joe, a 16-year-old of Hawaiian and Indian blood, and his Flathead Indian companion Charley greeted the disguised lawyer affably, happily accepting his invitation to breakfast. During the meal Murphy skilfully plied the suspects with subtle questions. However, after breakfast the two became restless, nervously suggesting it was time they made their departure.

Fearing lest his suspect birds should leave, Murphy made a citizen's arrest, charging them before an interested crowd "...in the name of the people of the United States and Washington Territory" as murderers of James and Salina Dwyer. Handing them over to a constable, he wired Governor Ferry for authority to seek extradition.

Charged with being "suspicious characters," Joe, his brother Kie, Charley and a fourth man were remanded a week to allow the complicated legal matters to be sorted out and let police complete their investigation.

Weeks later Joe stood in the dock alone. Charley and the others had been released for lack of evidence. In Joe's case, however, there was evidence galore. For, unable to stand jail, he had early confessed to having been an unwilling partner in the crime, laying all blame at Charley's door. Then, warming to his new role of man-of-the-hour, he merrily babbled "confessions" right and left. In his desire to make a clean breast, he changed his story constantly. Except on one point, on which he did not waver—Charley done it!

This was his story until July 18, when the garrulous Kanaka, having forsaken all restraint, boldly proclaimed he himself was the guilty one, even confessing to another settler's murder which had taken place the year before. By this time, not unnaturally, Victorians were "...becoming doubtful whether the lad...at all times is possessed of his proper senses."

The preliminary hearing had weathered more than conflicting evidence. There also had been the knotty problems of extradition. As the red tape was slowly eliminated, the Olympia *Courier* urged its readers to have patience. "We presume everything will be arranged in the course of a few days so that, shortly, a little judicious hanging will be in order and the world rid of one, if not more, murderous miscreants!"

This was the speedy "justice" Joe could expect across the line. He had yet to be

(Continued on page 50)

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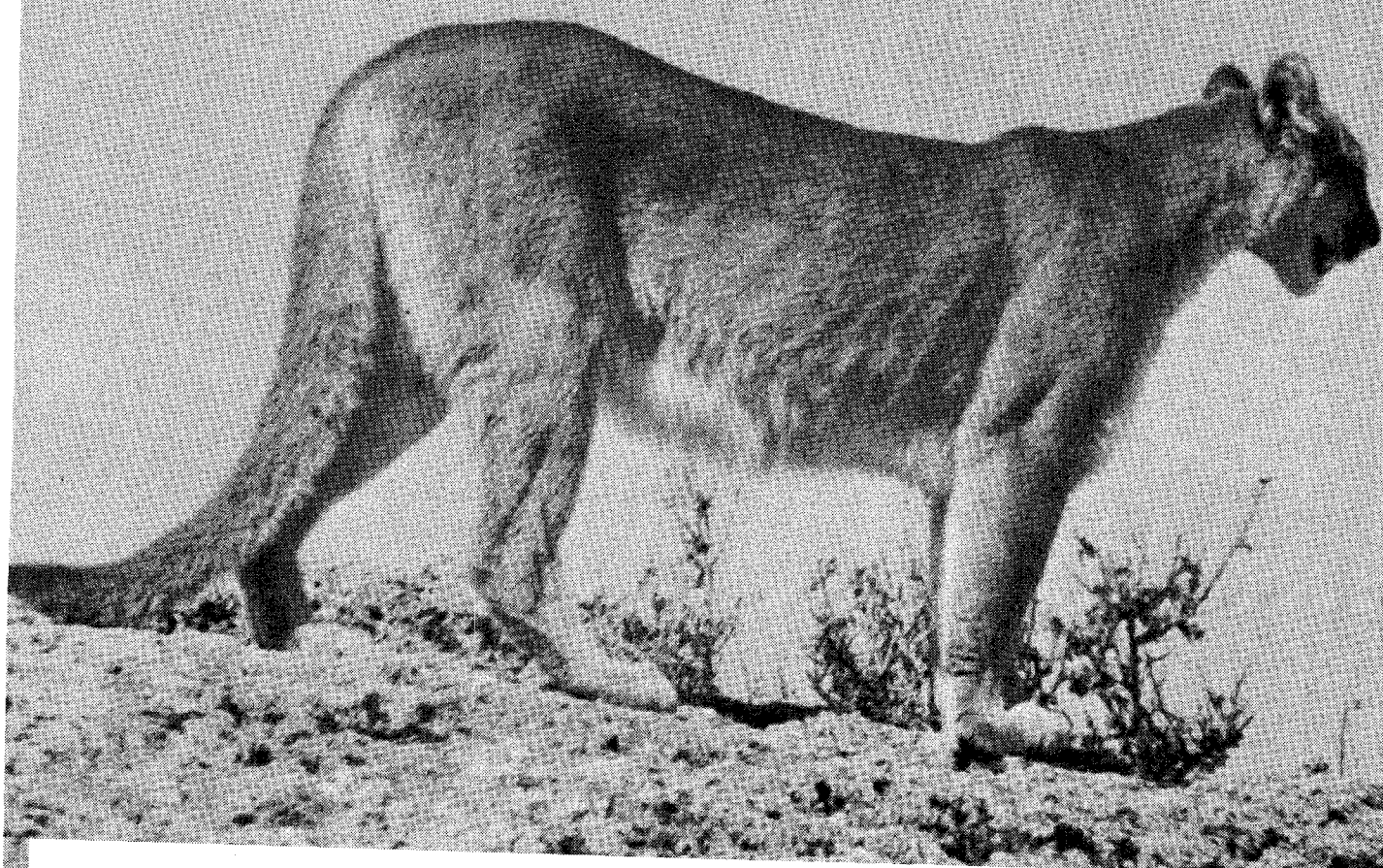
THE COUGAR

When the Stone Age Indians saw buzzards circling in the sky they knew their friend the puma had made a kill and hurried to the spot to share the remains



Colo. Game & Fish Dept. — by Don Domenick

by Ferris Weddle

Desperate with fear, the cougar snarled and lashed at the half dozen dogs surrounding her. She reached out with a lightning swift paw, ripping a dog's shoulder, sending the hound through the air. Twisting to reach the hounds nipping at her hindquarters, she crushed another dog's skull with one blow.

Through the mad chorus of snarls, growls, and barks, a man's urgent voice tried to penetrate the kill-lust that held the dogs. Seeking an opening to shoot the cat, he flung dogs back—and they rushed in again.

A second man, his eyes gleaming behind thick-lensed glasses, rushed forward, rifle in hand. He pulled out a long hunting knife, watching for an opening. The cougar saw him, and furiously she sent the dogs sprawling as she leaped toward the man, her fangs gleaming in her bloodied mouth. One dog grabbed and held a front leg or she would have reached the man too fast for him to defend himself.

The startled man found himself thrusting the butt of his rifle into the gaping mouth—and the cat crunched down on it. Then, without pausing or reflecting, he plunged the long knife between the cat's shoulder blades. The animal moaned and slumped back dying as the crazed hounds covered her body.

Pale and shaky, the man looked at his bloody knife, and when he spoke there was admiration and awe in his voice.

"It put up a brave fight," said Theodore

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Roosevelt, Vice-President of the United States.

The other man, John Goff, professional hunter and guide, was pale, too. He nodded, murmuring, "Yes, sir, it did." And no doubt he was wondering how he could have explained it had his famous guest been maimed or killed.

During this hunting excursion in northwestern Colorado, with temperatures often twenty below zero, Roosevelt and his guide killed fourteen cougars in five weeks—plus other game animals. It was the last hunt of its type for Roosevelt for quite a while, for shortly afterwards President McKinley was assassinated and the exuberant "rough rider" became president of the United States.

From this hunting trip, and countless others, Teddy Roosevelt had learned to love what remained of the wilderness and the wildlife of America. At the turn of the century little remained of the original America except in the West. With grim forcefulness, Roosevelt saved much of what remained through the establishment of the National Forest system, wildlife refuges, parks and monuments. There should even be places, he felt, for the predators—the cougar, the wolf, the grizzly bear and others.

Long before Roosevelt's time, certain kinds of wildlife had left indelible tracks on American history, culture, and character. By 1900, the major history-makers, the beaver and the bison or buffalo, were almost exterminated. Few wolves and cougars remained in eastern and southern states; and only a remnant of the once vast deer herds. The last passenger pigeon was in a zoo.

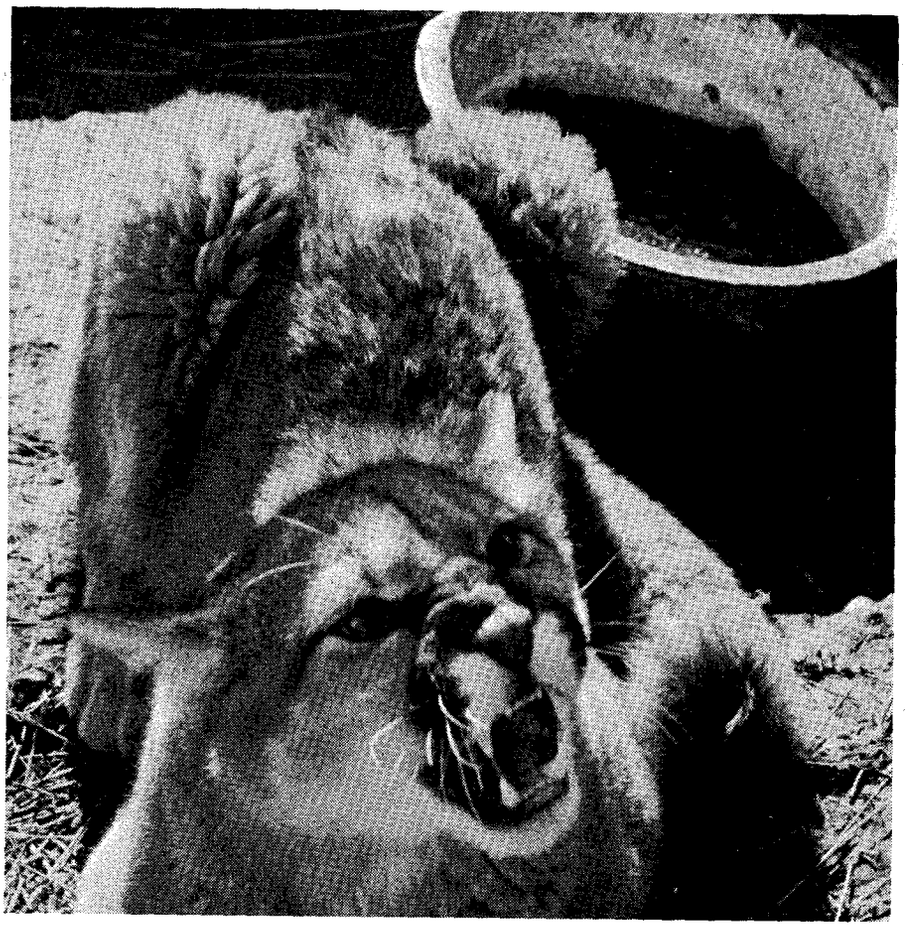
Bounties on the mammals marked as "vermin and predators" were paid as early as 1630 in Massachusetts Bay Colony. Wolves were Number One on the "Most Wanted" list, followed by cougars, or panthers as they were called in the east and south.

Bounty payments, plus paid professional hunting, continued in the West. From the time of the Mountain Man the cougar, the grizzly bear and the wolf had been making legendary history. The most feared, and with the least reason, was the cougar, which might also be called panther, painter, catamount, American lion, mountain lion, puma, Indian Devil or Mountain Demon.

Some of the common names for *Felis concolor* indicate the fear people held of the big cats—and the fear and the fanciful legends moved westward with the settlers. The sentiment was expressed by one frontiersman who wrote of "ten-foot panthers with an insatiable craving for human flesh."

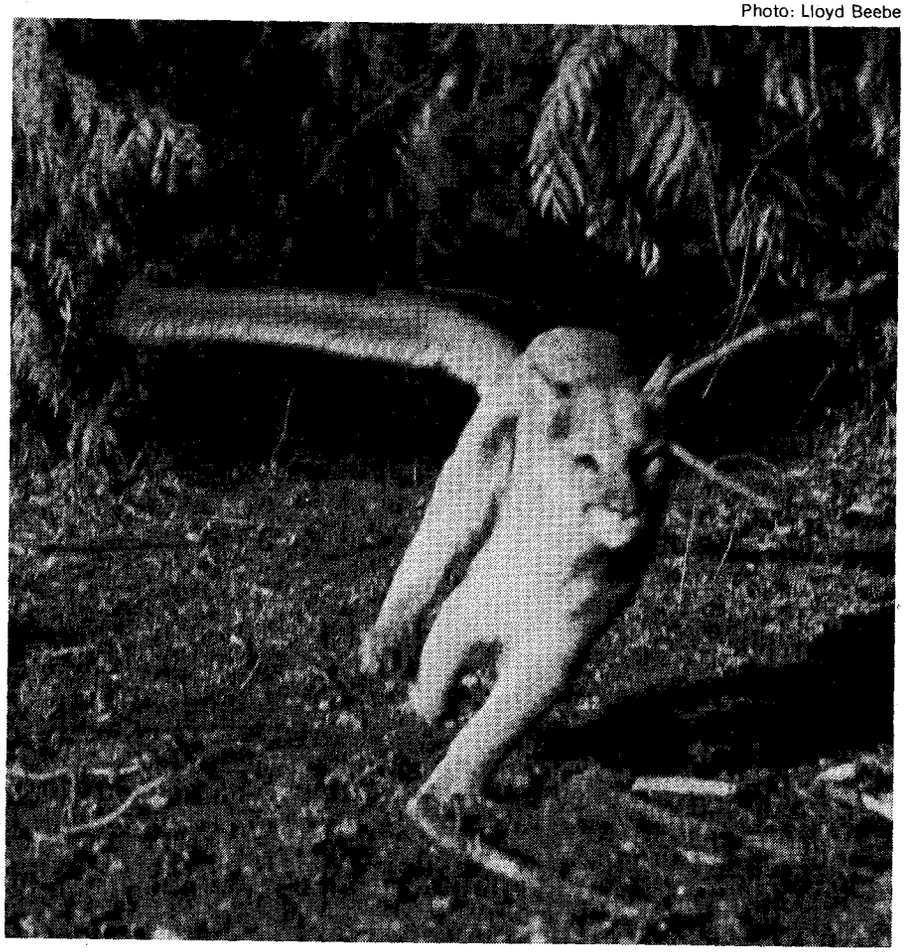
The ancient inhabitants of the New World did not share these degrading and fearful beliefs about the giant cats. For the Cherokees the cougar was *Klandaghi,* "Lord of the Forest"; and for the Creeks

(Continued on page 44)



He nails his prey with one great leap from ground.

Photo: Lloyd Beebe



A yearling — cougars make good pets if taken young.

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BUCKSKIN ENVOY

Illus.: Courtesy The National Archives.

James K. Polk,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING:

KNOW YE, That, reposing special trust and confidence in the Integrity, Ability, and Diligence of Joseph L. Meek of Oregon I have nominated, and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, Do appoint him MARSHAL of the United States, in and for the District of Oregon, and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfil the duties of that Office according to Law; AND to have and to hold the said Office, with all the powers, privileges, and emoluments to the same of right appertaining, unto him, the said Joseph L. Meek for the term of four years from the day of the date hereof, unless the President of the United States for the time being, should be pleased sooner to revoke and determine this Commission.

In Testimony Whereof, I have caused these Letters to be made Patent, and the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the 14th day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight and of the Independence of the United States of America the Seventy-third.

By the President,

James K. Polk.

James Buchanan, SECRETARY OF STATE.

President James R. Polk and Sec'y of State James Buchanan signed document in 1848 commissioning Joe Meek to be sheriff for the "District of Oregon."

Illus.: Courtesy Oregon Historical Society.

Mountain Man Joe Meek, U.S. Marshal of O.T.

by Joe Beckham

IN TIME OF IMPENDING CRISIS IT IS only natural to look to a man of decision for guidance. Throughout history such leaders have materialized during times of great need.

In the early days of the Oregon Country, after the Whitman Massacre, the situation of the people of this frontier area being precarious, Joe Meek, man of action, was selected to go to Washington to seek help. Mountain man Meek became Oregon's buckskin envoy on a dangerous mission replete with difficulties which he solved in his own inimitable way.

The Oregon Provisional Government, only newly organized and operating under an informal structure, was almost an orphan of the United States. Not only was it a long way from Washington, but also Oregon's problems were a minor national concern compared to those of the Mexican War which had just ended. Although the boundary line between the United States and Canada had been settled at the 49th parallel, distance and lack of communication served to keep this knowledge from the

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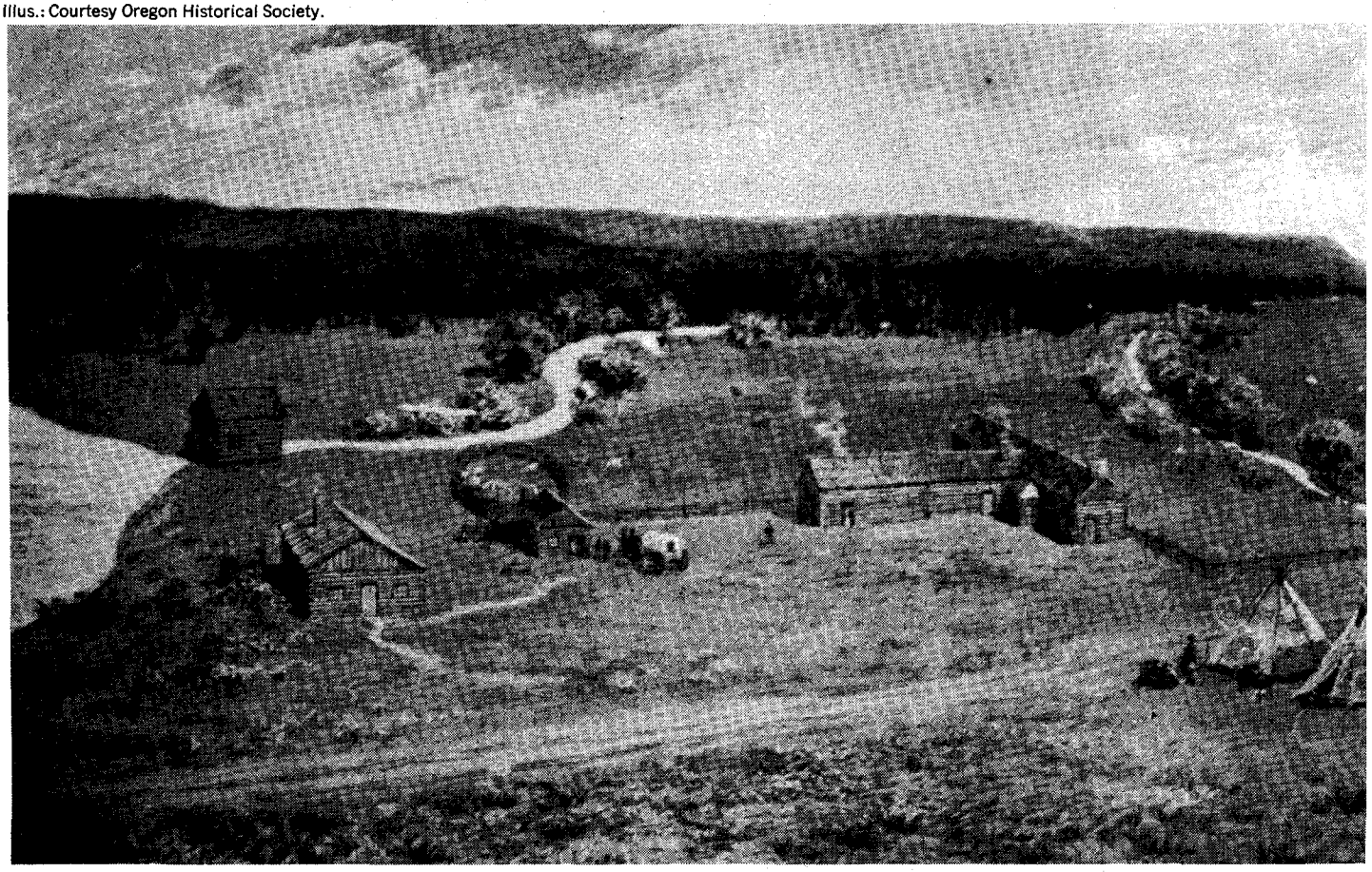
TO WASHINGTON

The buckskin envoy was ushered in to see the President of the United States and the two talked for several hours, as they talked over family affairs as well as the needs of the Oregonians . . . Joe was invited to make himself at home in the Presidential Mansion, and he did . . .

Illus.: Courtesy Oregon Historical Society.



As result of massacre at Whitman Mission (Waiilatpu), the young daughters of Jim Bridger and Joe Meek died.

Oregonians. The establishing of a boundary had been a point of contention between the U.S. and Britain for a number of years. Additionally, Oregon's status was left in limbo, for the U.S. Congress had not come up with a territorial bill that would satisfy the southern senators on the slavery issue. This was the complicated situation facing Governor Abernethy, the head of the Oregon Provisional Government, a temporary body which had no militia, few officials, and more debts than cash in its treasury.

(Debts, $4,123.46; cash on hand, $43.74)

Increasing Indian misdeeds and threatened uprisings prompted Governor Abernethy to call the provisional legislature into session on December 7, 1847 at Oregon City. When the delegates had assembled, the Governor called for firm action against the Indians, for, as he pointed out, inaction would be a sign of weakness which would only lead to more trouble.

While the legislature was in session, word was received of the blood bath at Waiilatpu Mission, where Dr. Marcus Whitman, his family, and a number of other persons were massacred only a few days before. Also a number of whites had been carried away by the marauders.

Soon a volunteer army of settlers amounting to five hundred men gathered to protect the settlers and avenge the Whitman deaths, as well as to go after the white captives. The Governor arranged for a loan commission which raised $3,600 in private loans to finance this initial military enterprise. This was little enough to conduct an expedition against a threatening Indian uprising and war.

The Governor and his advisors concluded they needed help from the Federal Government. Who would be best suited to undertake the dangerous journey to Washington, and there to tell the President of Oregon's troubles? None other than that famous Mountain Man, provisional government organizer, and now a legislator, Joe Meek. He filled perfectly the various requirements of the courier, including his chance of survival. He would be the best one to speed to Washington to bend the ear of the President anent the urgent needs of this faraway, fledgling government. Meek, whose fabulous Rocky Mountain ex-

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perience eminently fitted him to encounter the dangers of a winter journey and whose manliness, firmness, and ready wit would see him through in Washington, taking the place of the traditional statesmanship he lacked.

Meek was endowed with a fine physique hardened by the rigors of frontier life. His twinkling blue eyes under heavy dark brows often betrayed his light-hearted—some said devil-may-care—outlook on life. It was also true that when he had a cause which he considered important he would give it all of his energies. He took most seriously the responsibility of his appointment to Washington with all that it entailed. As will be seen, Meek considered some social customs such as dress and manners as trivia. His entire adult life had been one of boisterous activity in the rough and tumble world of the West, where direct action was a condition of survival.

He resigned from the legislature and made ready for the long, arduous journey across the snow-covered continent—to see President Polk.

Meek chose as his traveling companion a George W. Ebberts, former trapper and Hudson's Bay man, who had settled at Champoeg.

They left the Willamette Valley on January 4, 1848 for The Dalles, where they waited to join Colonel Gilliam's regiment on its way to Waiilatpu, the site of the Whitman Mission. There the bodies of the massacred men, women, and children were reburied. Meek had the sad duty of reburying the corpse of his own daughter who had been at the Whitman school, and was one of the pitiful victims. Meek and Ebberts were accompanied by the troop to the Blue Mountains, from which locality they departed along with five other Americans who desired to return to the states.

Two of these went only as far as Fort Boise.

In order to avoid trouble with the Indians which he might meet on the western side of the Rocky Mountains, Meek adopted the red belt and Canadian cap of the employees of the Hudson's Bay Company. About three days' travel beyond Fort Boise, the party met a village of Bannack Indians who at once made warlike demonstrations; but on perceiving Meek's costume and receiving an invitation to talk, welcomed the travelers in a friendly manner. Meek informed the chief with all the gravity at his command that he was going on the business of the Hudson's Bay Company to Fort Hall and that Thomas McKay was a day's march behind with a large trading party and plenty of goods.

On receipts of this good news, the chief ordered his braves to fall back and permit the party to pass. Fearing that the deception might be discovered, Meek's party traveled night and day until they reached Fort Hall.

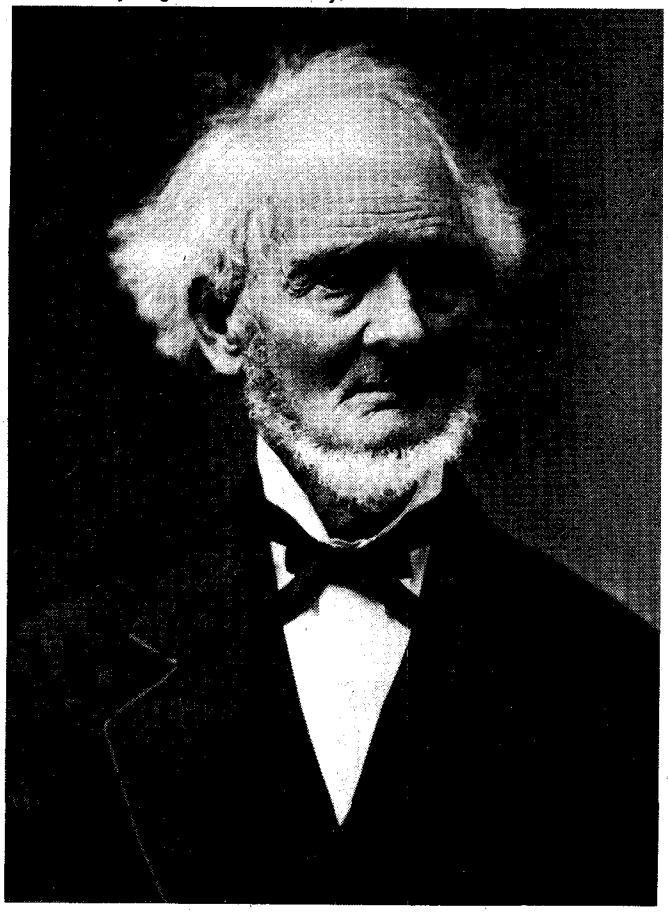
At this post the Hudson's Bay Company, with a Mr. Grant in charge, received them kindly as they stopped for a few hours to rest. Mrs. Grant provided liberal refreshments—freshly cooked food for which they were thankful.

Before the fall of night they started on their way through the snow that had commenced to fall, making travel difficult. For two days they struggled on with their horses floundering in the soft drifts. Finally this manner of travel became impossible, so they abandoned their horses and proceeded on snowshoes which they readily constructed out of willow sticks.

Taking only a blanket and their rifles, and leaving the animals to find their way back to Fort Hall, the little party pushed on. Meek was now on familiar ground, and the old mountain spirit which had once enabled him to endure hunger, cold, and fatigue without a murmur, swept over him now. It was not without a certain sense of satisfaction that he found himself reduced to the necessity of shooting a couple of polecats to furnish supper for himself and his party.

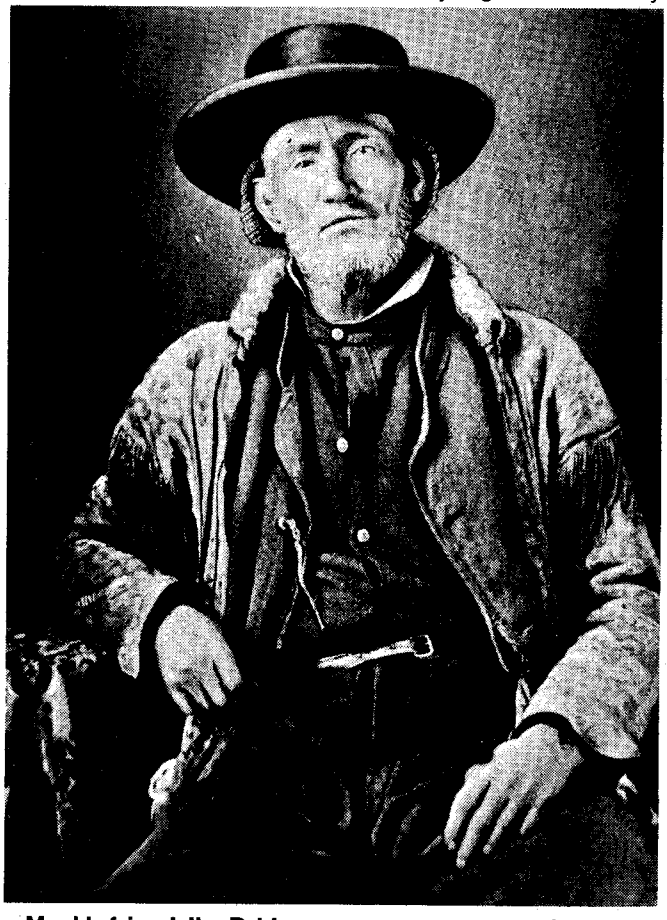
After several days of struggling against the elements, with nights of extreme cold and very little food, Meek's party met an old mountain comrade of Joe's who had shared with him many earlier adventures. This man Meek was so delighted to meet was Peg-leg Smith, one of the most famous of many well-

Illus.: Courtesy Oregon Historical Society.



Gen'l Joseph Lane, 1st Terr. Governor of Oregon.

Illus.: Courtesy Oregon Historical Society.



Meek's friend Jim Bridger, courageous mountain man.

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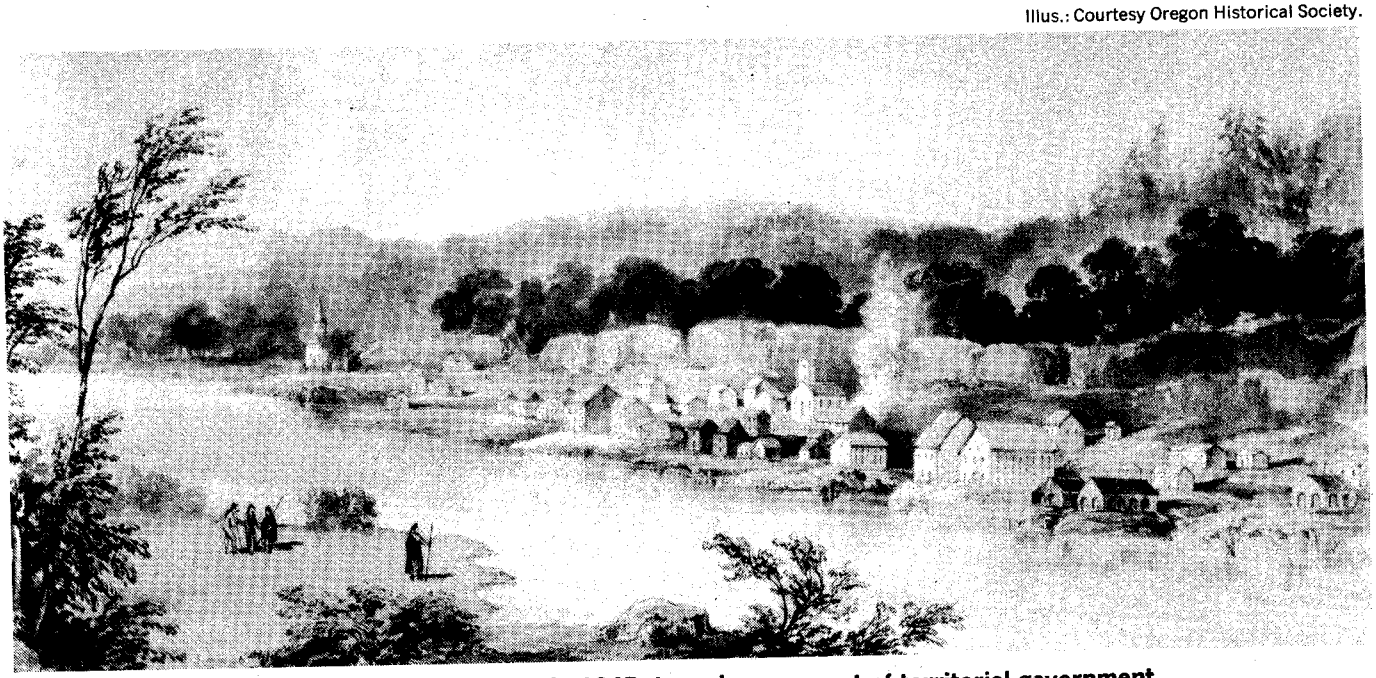

Oregon City, Oregon Territory, in 1845; town became seat of territorial government.

known mountainmen. He was engaged in herding cattle in the valley of Thomas Fork where the tall grass was not quite buried under the snow. He had a party of ten men with him. They were all now on the headwaters of the Bear River.

Meek was cordially received, as was the custom of these frontier companions. A fat cow was immediately butchered which was immeasurably more palatable than the polecat they had eaten a few days before. After a feast of roast beef Smith called for a celebration, and that meant white men and Indian women dancing in a foot-shuffling, arm-pumping action with considerably more mirth and hilarity than gracefulness.

Refreshed, and provided with rations for a couple of days, the party started out again the next morning, still on snowshoes, and traveled up the Bear River to the headwaters of the Green River. Then they crossed from the Muddy Fork over to Fort Bridger, where they arrived very much fatigued but quite well in a little more than three days' travel.

Here it was Meek's good fortune to meet with his former leader and friend, Jim Bridger, to whom he related the sad news of the Whitman Massacre in which Bridger's young daughter, along with Meek's daughter, had been foully murdered.

At Fort Bridger they were generously fed and furnished with such provisions as they could carry. Bridger also presented them with four good mules, by which means the travelers were mounted four at a time while the fifth made his way on foot, in turn. Their course lay down the Sweetwater River, past many familiar hunting and camping grounds on the Platte River. Owing to deep snows, game was very scarce, and a long day of travel was frequently closed by a supperless sleep under shelter of some rock or bank, with only a blanket for cover. At Red Buttes they were fortunate enough to kill a single buffalo which greatly enriched their food supply. There was nothing like fresh buffalo meat to give energy on the trail.

On reaching the Platte River they found traveling much easier, also the supply of game was more plentiful as they continued on to Fort Laramie. Here also fresh mules were obtained, and the little party was treated in the most hospitable manner. Before they left Papillion, the French trader in charge, filled them in on a large village of Sioux located about one hundred miles away, astride their course. He said for them to look out and not to tangle with these savages.

Illus.: Courtesy Oregon Historical Society.

Martyred Dr. Marcus Whitman—Indians' friend.

When they arrived at Ash Hollow where the Indians were camped it was snowing so hard that they were fairly in the midst of the village before they realized where they were. It was no safer to retreat than to proceed, so after a moment of consultation, they kept on going.

Soon a head protruded from one of the lodges and greeted them with a "Hallo, Major." This greeter turned out to be a French trader named Le Bean, who, after offering the hospitalities of the lodge, and learning who his guests were, offered to accompany the party a few miles on its way. As they proceeded he told them the Sioux were bad people and that he thought it best if he would escort the party some distance along the trail. Receiving the hearty thanks of the travelers, he turned back at nightfall while they continued on all night without stopping to camp, going some distance south *(Continued on page 48)*

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Viola Mae Rush, legend of Bradshaws, with Tepico, her little guard.

Viola's prescription for living past the century mark is two-fold: "People should never think old," she says. And adds, "...and hard work never hurt a living soul."

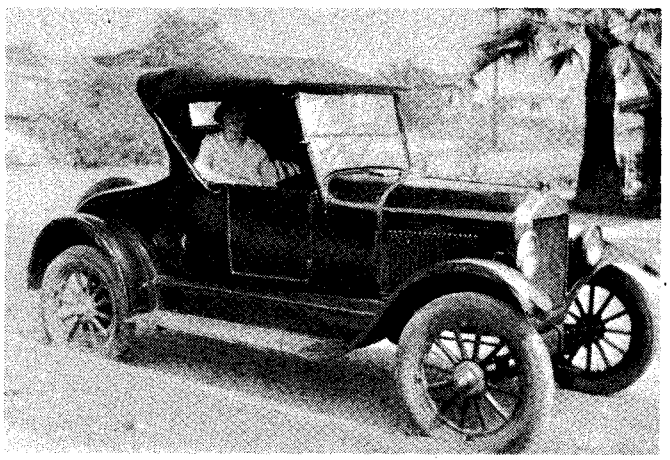
LADY VIOLA OF THE BRADSHAWS

by Harriet Farnsworth

WOMEN have followed the male of the species in practically every field of endeavor, and mining has been no exception. These colorful characters have, through necessity, proved fearless and capable even in isolated districts of the mountains and deserts of the West, and the frozen backcountry of Alaska.

For instance, Soulie Harrison, a tiny slip of a woman, staked claims in the old Goldstone district of California; Nora Merrick, big-boned and self-reliant, worked claims in the same area; Lady Sourdough (Frances Ella Fitz) a slip of a girl only eighteen, typed her way to the Klondike, conquered hazards and hardships, and "cleaned up in true Klondike fashion"— her life a tribute to courageous women throughout the world.

On this bright November morning it was my pleasure to meet another one of this courageous society— I met the living legend of the Bradshaw mountains, in Arizona. This wisp of a lady, who has been mining for thirty-two years, has manned a mill at her gold claim on Minneha Flat, in Yavapai County. Viola Mae Rush has worked claims throughout Arizona where no other woman dared to go alone. Her last and best claim, a gold lode claim located in the rich mining district of the Bradshaw mountains, lies only nine miles from the famed Crown King Mine and its small settlement.



Viola in her car, a fairly recent acquisition.

I discovered Viola Mae Rush, neatly dressed from head to toe, living in a forty-foot trailer at Yarnell, Arizona. Her cat Shunie was sunning herself in a window, her little guard dog, Tepico, barked vociferously at the open door to bar a possible unwelcome intrusion.

"Come in," Viola Mae chirped. "Pay no attention to Tepico. He makes a lot of noise— never bites."

When we were seated in the big, comfortable trailer which was filled with souvenirs of Viola's active life, she said, airily, "Well, you caught me playing the lady for a change. I'm just writing letters— and stories and poetry— when I'm not gadding about town in that electric buggy parked outside. Just now, I'm only resting up until the road is passable up to the Snowdrift... and I, to please my friends... can find somebody to go with me."

Viola Mae Rush is a remarkable and amazing woman at her age. On this November the 15th she was 103 years old. She is still a spritely little thing, slim and active, with dancing blue-gray eyes and a memory still keen and retentive.

She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1863, Her parents, Isobel and William Playne, sailed for America with baby Viola when she was only two years old. The family settled down in Indian Territory near the Missouri Boundary, where they raised cotton and tobacco for a livelihood.

"At this time," said Viola, "Kansas City was the last town West, which I always insisted on calling Indian Territory. All of the West was still plenty wild and woolly then. And as I recall, I had a pretty pinto pony on which I followed the buffalo herds— at a safe distance, of course. I also went riding

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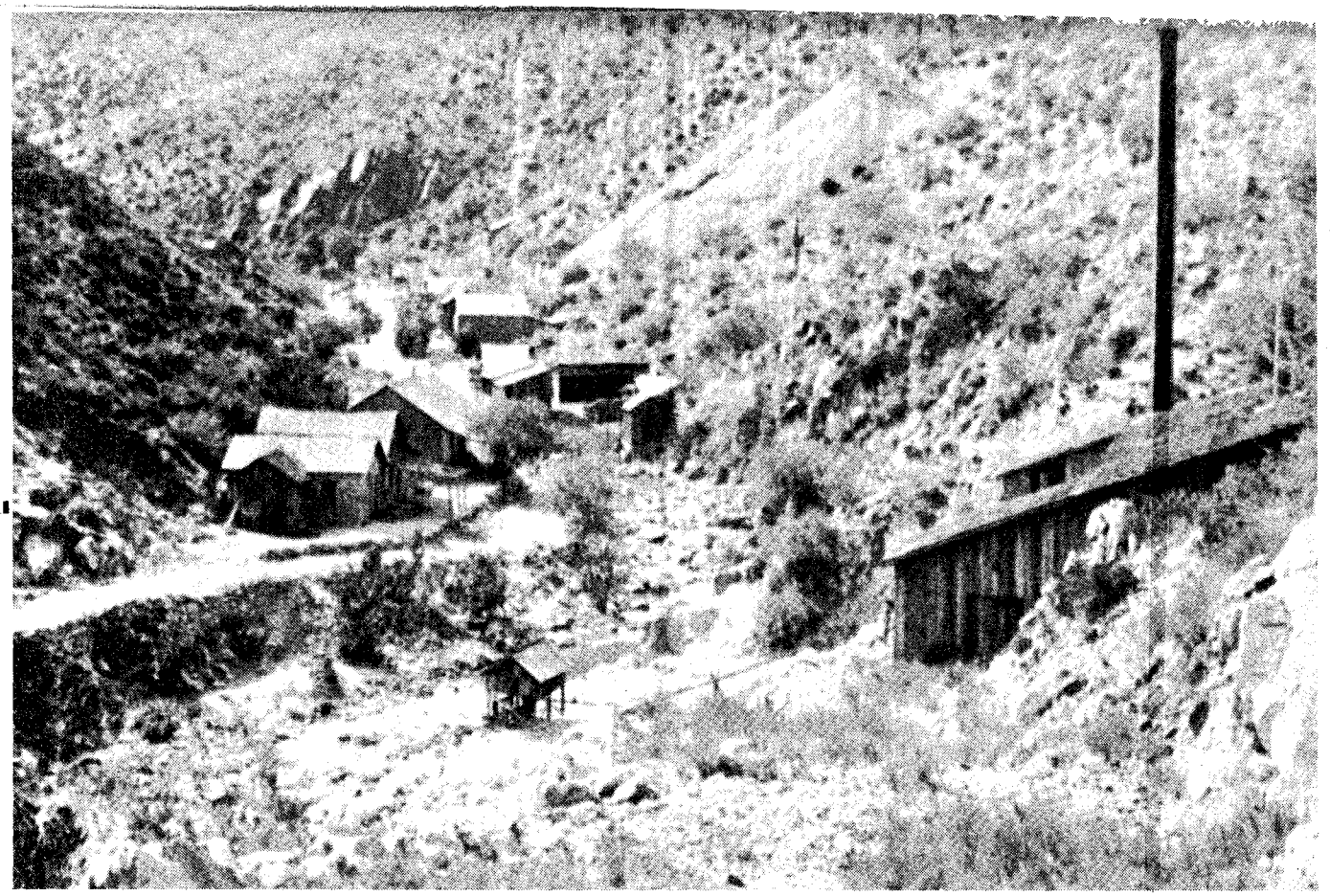

A view of the Tip-Top Mine in 1880, the oldest and best silver producer in the Bradshaw area.

with an old Indian Chief—whose name I've forgotten."

In answer to my question as to why she had come even farther West, Viola gazed wistfully out the window a moment.

"Oh," she answered, that happened when I married a handsome Corporal, Arthur A. Fraisier, (French Canadian), home from the war in the Phillipines. Later, when he was transferred out here to Fort Whipple, of course I came along. It was even wilder in those days."

Although most of the Indians, Viola explained, had been herded onto Reservations, renegade groups still hid out, ready to raid at the drop of a hat. At this time, Geronimo, the Apache Chief who was ceaselessly on the move, was apt to appear any minute, anywhere, burning, plundering and killing, leaving a path of destruction behind him. Because of this, soldiers were kept on guard at Fort Whipple day and night.

"My uncle, Bert B. Ward," said Viola, "who had come to America earlier and had studied archietecture and building in Boston, was then off scouting the Mexican Border for Geronimo. Even so, we women at Fort Whipple dared not go anywhere alone. But we had good times anyway—gave dances and dinner parties, and played cards at the Fort where we felt safe."

Viola smiled, adding, "Those were the good old days... an era when females were supposed to be delicate, sheltered creatures. I was one of them until my husband was killed in the Argonne Forest during World War I. Then I had to strike out on my own. Until 1928 I worked at anything I could get to do.

"However, by then, Uncle Bert Ward had moved out to Wickenburg, Arizona, doing a lot of building for the mines in that vicinity. When he invited me out for a visit, I discovered the 'gold bug' had bit him. Between his building jobs Uncle Bert went prospecting. Naturally, I followed him—and I got 'gold fever,' too.

"When I felt I knew this territory pretty good, I took off alone, on my own. I've prospected all over Arizona, mostly up around the Harquahalas, Hurachuas and Harcuvar mountain districts. My first serious mining was done in the Harcuvars—on the desert near the small towns of Wenden and Aguila. By then I could turn my hand at almost anything to make grubstakes. One time I split 5,000 shingles and roofed a house with them. But mostly I cooked and waited tables. I can also dig a well or timber a mine as good as any man," Viola ended with a shrug.

"I had some right good claims up in the Harcuvar area. But on trips with Uncle Bert, who again was building in the Crowned King district—a rich silver and gold lode area in the Bradshaws—interests finally settled right there." Viola pointed out the window southwest, to the heavily timbered range towering like dark clouds against the blue of the desert sky, adding, "Oh, I fell in love with that country! In 1934, I filed on serveral good claims, nine miles from the Crowned King."

Early accounts of this region say that in this vast upheaval of mineral-bearing rock were found some of the richest mines in the territory; by 1872 they were producing millions in gold, silver and copper.

In the rugged Bradshaws, in the heart of this fabulous upheaval—also difficult of access—were the Pacific, the Gladiator, Mascot and the De Sota mines, rich in copper. Other mines included the Western Star, Mariposa, War Eagle, Eclipse, Cougar and the Terrible.

On the south side, in the Bradshaw Basin, over mere trails and later a hacked-out road, having five or six dangerously sharp switch-backs climbing four to six thousand feet above sea level, was the Crowned King, which promised to be one of the richest gold mines in the area. North of it lay the Swastika, the Tiger, Ora Belle, Ora Bonita and the well known Del Paseo group, the Old Peck, the Tip-Top, which was the oldest, and the Suguaro. The last two were rich silver mines, the Tip-Top proving to be the richest of them all.

The Tip-Top, discovered in 1875 by Bill Corning and Jack Moore, lay on a ridge leading to Cottonwood Creek. When sample ore from the mine assayed from 500 to 1000 ounces

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per ton, the silver boom was on! From a handful of miners, some of whom had brought their families, the population exploded to around 1000.

At the height of this boom the community had six saloons, three stores, four restaurants, a laundry, and a brewery — owned by a German named Peter Arnold — that operated full time.

The Crowned King started the gold boom in the Bradshaw Basin. Beside miners working there, some fifty men were employed at the sawmill, cutting timbers for the mine and lumber for buildings and homes that grew into a good-sized settlement. The community also boasted of a post office that delivered weekly mail.

Stores and homes had "modern conveniences" in a region so rugged that it was one of the marvels of modern enterprise that mining and other equipment and supplies could be transported there.

The Crowned King, originally recorded by O.F. Place in 1870, was renamed the Crown King, and abandoned. Later, work was done under the name of Red Rock, but assessment work was not kept up. The mine was then relocated by Al Doyle and Jim Fine, named the Buckeye, and again abandoned. Then along came N.C. Sheckles who organized a company and again called the mine the Crowned King — which Viola recalled grew out of an incident which was the social event of the season.

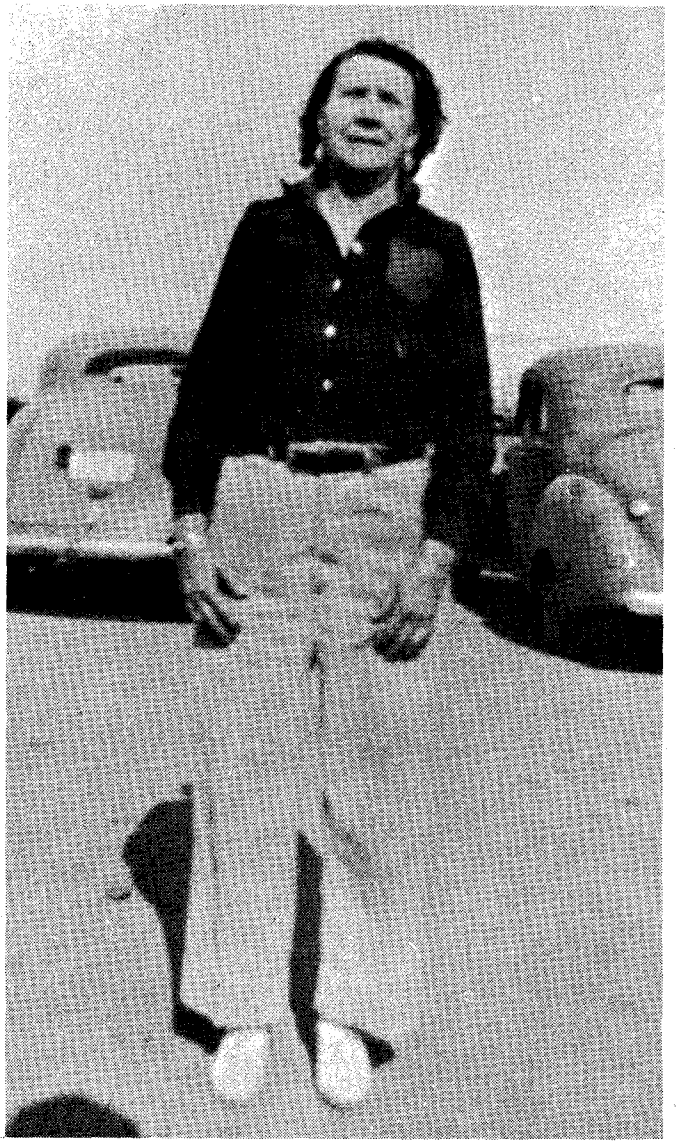
This happened when the fine new boarding house was christened the night it opened its doors to the public. The all-night dance was preceded by the *best* supper ever served on the mountain. And as the guests were seated, one of them glanced over the sumptuous table and exclaimed, "This is a supper fit for a crowned king to sit down to!" This time Crowned King stuck.

So it was into this district that Viola Mae Rush, then in her seventies, got down to the serious business of mining.

"It was still pretty rugged when I got there," mused Viola. "It was terrible on the animals in the early days. All the supplies and heavy machinery had to be packed up the mountain and the ore sent down by mules and burro trains. The stamp mills were pounding day and night, pouring out tons of crushed ore that was packed out over the old Indian or Crowned King trails, down to Cordes Junction, or Prescott, and from there it was freighted out to smelters at Salt Lake or San Francisco.

"Those old trails," Viola recalled, "were dangerous — no more than narrow U-turn switch-backs. Nobody knows how many pack animals were killed on them; some from overloading or pure cruelty. Mexican wood-haulers, furnishing wood used for the steam boilers at the stamp mills, often loaded their burros so high with wood, that all you could see

Gandy dancers pushing narrow-gauge Prescott & Eastern R.R. from Poland tunnel to Crowned King in 1902.



An earlier photo of Mrs. Rush, a self-reliant woman who made success at mining in rugged terrain.

were heads and feet sticking out! Little was done about this situation, until Charlie Rose, at the Crowned King, got mad one day. His anger was ignited by the Mexican custom of picking up anybody's stray burro, regardless of ownership, and using it to pack wood.

"Charlie had, on several occasions, warned the fellows *not* to use his burros. If they did, he said, he would kill them. But, as usual, his warning went unheeded. So, one morning, he chanced to see one of his burros being beaten up the trail under an over-load of wood, and he got mad as a hatter. Charlie got his gun and shot the two Mexicans. Then Charlie had to do time in that horrible old prison down at Yuma for it," Viola Rush ended on a sigh.

"Even when a road was eventually hacked out of the side of the mountain, it was little better than the old trails. It took ten and twelve horse or mule teams to a wagon to haul the heavy loads up and down. Switch-backs were still so dangerous that often, if drivers were not alert, the front team pulled the back teams over the outside.

"In this predicament teams were often saved by the driver stopped the wagon and switching the lead animals: four mules being left in front to pull and six hitched to a heavy timber, attached to the back of the wagon, to push. In this manner, the road was safely negotiated and wagons arrived at Crowned King, and other outlying mining districts, intact.

"The teams and pack animals *(Continued on page 42)*

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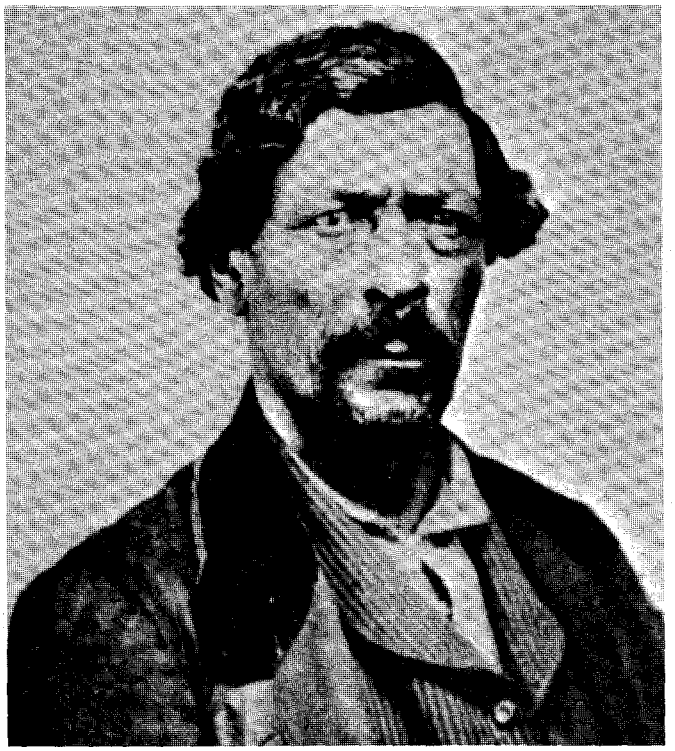
by Hamilton Brown

JIM BECKWOURTH— Great Negro Frontiersman

Photo: Cragin Coll. Colorado Springs, Colo.



Beckwourth Pass, and a town, were named after him.

He was their brother, Medicine Calf, to the Crow Indians; he worked for and learned from the famous Sublette, and he cherished the life-long friendship of the noted American scout, Jim Bridger

IN THE FALL of the year 1829, a small party of hunters from the Crow tribe halted panting and excited at the mouth of a cave in which the quarry, a large bear with several wounds, had sought refuge. There was much discussion and many theories of how to get the bear until at length one member stepped up onto a large boulder and held up his hands for silence.

"Brothers, hear me now," he said. "I, Medicine Calf, would speak." The speaker then waited in silence for assent from the group.

A large muscular man swept his arm outward and answered, "Speak, Medicine Calf."

"We are all great warriors," began Medicine Calf. "All have counted coup many times. Each brave here walks among our people in dignity and honor." He paused, noted nods of agreement and heard their muttered words. "Hoh, Medicine Calf." He continued, "We promise our families meat and skins, we attack 'Old Grandfather' and pursue him to this place. I hear each of my brothers claim he has drawn blood, and now we stop. Here my brothers is a great problem. Do we walk away in defeat and tell our people 'Old Grandfather' is greater than our braves? Do we have our friend trapped or does he have us trapped?" As he paused a new animation appeared on the ring of faces, each brave registered a new interest.

"Speak, Medicine Calf," he heard.

Photo: State Historical Society of Colorado.

James P. Beckwourth's last wife, Sue—he had several.

"One among us is great," he continued. "One among us will dance with our 'Grandfather's' head and be warmed with his heavy coat. Now, brothers, who will claim this great honor? I am finished." And Medicine Calf stepped down.

All eyes turned to the cave entrance and with many grunts and 'Hohs', the cave was studied. One brave stood erect and recounted many acts of courage in hunt and battle—but finished without offering to enter the cave. Another offered comments on his bravery and shouted into the cave for 'Grandfather' to come out and do battle. Each warrior was well aware that a wounded bear is a dangerous fighter. No one offered to add to his reputation by entering the cave, yet no warrior would chance disgrace by retreat.

Medicine Calf had cannily thought to entice one of the group to enter the cave, but the result was a stalemate.

One among the braves was as crafty as Medicine Calf and he stepped up on the boulder and faced the hunters.

"Our brother Medicine Calf *(Continued on page 51)*

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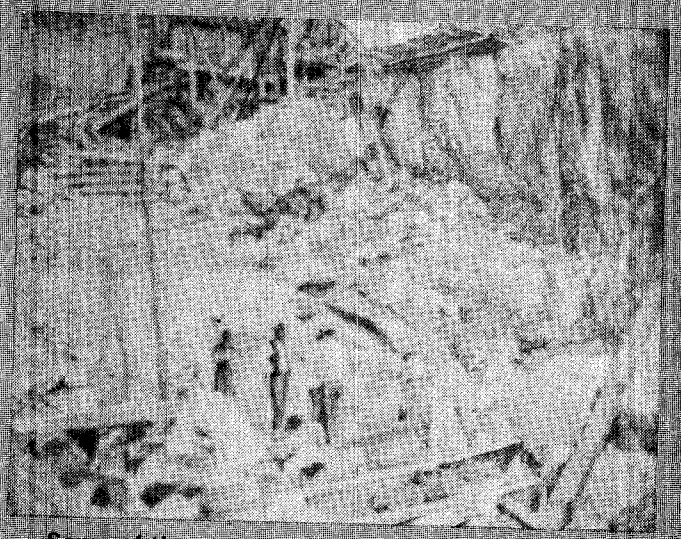
KING OF THE GOLDEN FEATHER

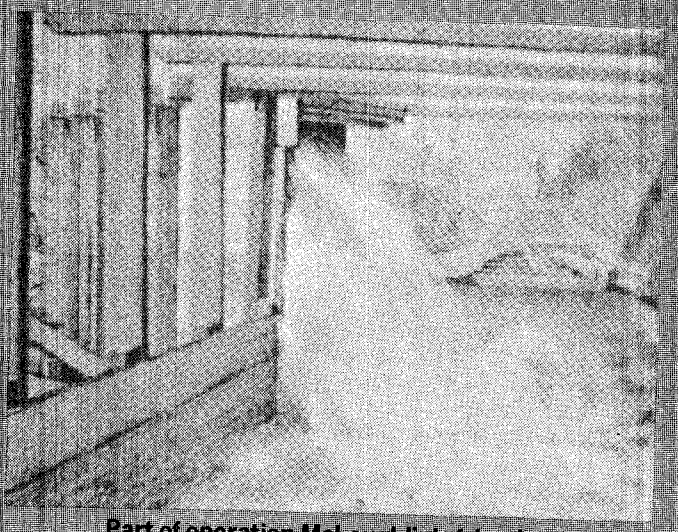
by

Ben T. Traywick

Major McLaughlin stands at the far left of picture, and with him is part of his Golden Feather crew.



Some of the crewmen at work on the head dam which was supposed to expose precious metal.



Part of operation McLaughlin's friends believed in—discharge from hydraulic elevator into sub-flume.

Tall, dark and handsome with loads of charm, this man was persuasive, with a talent for friendship... and he made important friends... Bat Masterson, Thomas Alva Edison were two who believed in him, and the inventor even backed him in a huge operation to mine platinum from the Golden Feather...

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BYSTANDERS AT THE Oroville train station, one summer day in the year 1879, watched a tall, dark, handsome stranger alight from the early train. Fresh shaven and well groomed, the man wore a thick, black moustache that he had carefully waxed and twisted to very sharp points. A fine, expensive dark suit, a colorful ascot pierced with a diamond stick-pin, and a military-style slouch hat completed the impressive picture.

Those who observed his arrival did not know it, but here was a man the city of Oroville and the whole world were soon to hear much about, Major Frank McLaughlin.

McLaughlin was born in 1840 in Newark, New Jersey, of Irish parents. He grew up in that city, and as a young man secured a position on the police force. While he was thus employed he met Thomas A. Edison, the famous inventor, and the two became fast friends. He was a frequent guest at Edison's Menlo Park home.

Police work soon grew dull for the young fellow, so he turned in his gun and badge and took the road west. Already quite a convincing character, he evidently convinced someone in the right places that he was an engineer, for he was employed as such in 1864, building the Union Pacific Railroad through Nebraska.

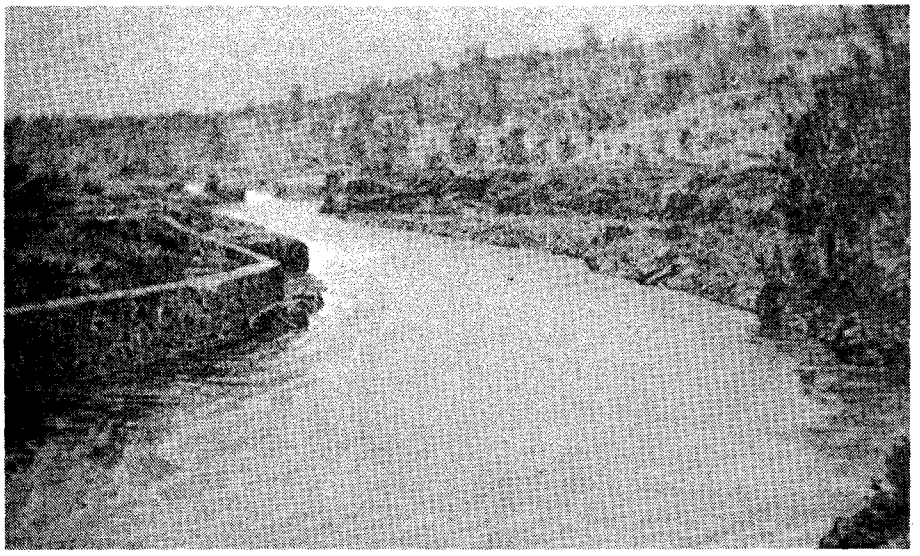
He must have learned the profession quickly, for as soon as that job had been completed, the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railroad hired him to help them push their rails across Kansas and New Mexico to Santa Fe.

During his period of railroad building through Dodge City, McLaughlin became a staunch friend of Bat Masterson, the town Marshal. When the rails left Kansas and started across New Mexico in 1872, he quit and returned to wild and wicked Dodge City. His friend Masterson gave him a job as his special deputy. Since McLaughlin held this job for several months, it is an undisputed fact that the man had an uncanny ability with his fists and with a six-gun.

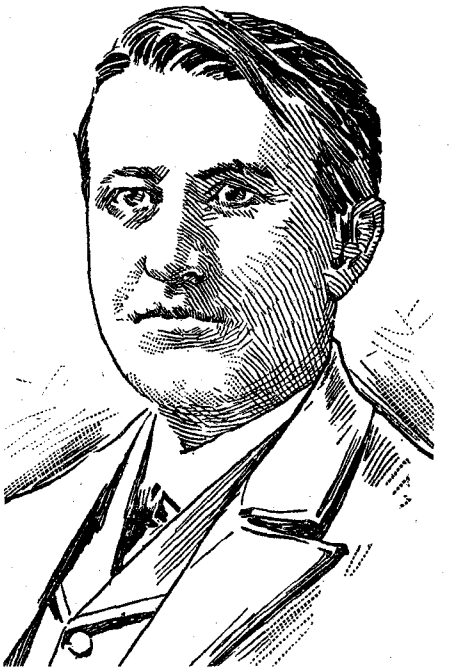
Still footloose and fancy free, he gave up the lawman's job and was back in Newark by 1877. Capitalizing on his railroad experience, he was able to secure an engineering job in the Jersey City Harbor.

At this time McLaughlin met a handsome, buxom, young widow in Newark.

Illustrations furnished by the author.



Looking down the Golden Feather; McLaughlin told Edison there was platinum in that area.



Inventor Thomas Alva Edison needed platinum for light-bulb filament, encouraged McLaughlin's endeavors

Although much of his free time was spent at the home of the magnificently proportioned widow, he still found opportunities to visit frequently with Edison, who was working at his Orange laboratory.

The scientist had built his incandescent light bulb in the early part of 1879, and was working diligently to perfect it. Following many nerve-wracking hours of experimentation, Edison had finally discovered the only filament that would produce the desired results; platinum. However, this presented another problem, as platinum was not only expensive, but quite rare.

McLaughlin—he of the glib tongue—gave Edison a solution to his dilemma. Edison listened hopefully while he unraveled a story about Chinese miners discovering platinum near Oroville in Northern California, while mining gold on the Feather River. After telling Edison his story, McLaughlin then allowed himself to be persuaded to go to Oroville and mine enough platinum from the river for the scientist's purposes. All Edison had to do was supply the necessary funds for such a venture.

Edison took several days to consider such a step, but always he returned to the same logical conclusion; where else could he obtain the platinum he needed? At last, with nowhere else to turn, he agreed to finance McLaughlin's platinum mining adventure.

In fervent haste McLaughlin wooed and married the buxom widow. The newlyweds immediately packed up and set out for Oroville, all the way across the continent. Accompanying them was the widow's young daughter, Agnes.

(Continued on page 46)

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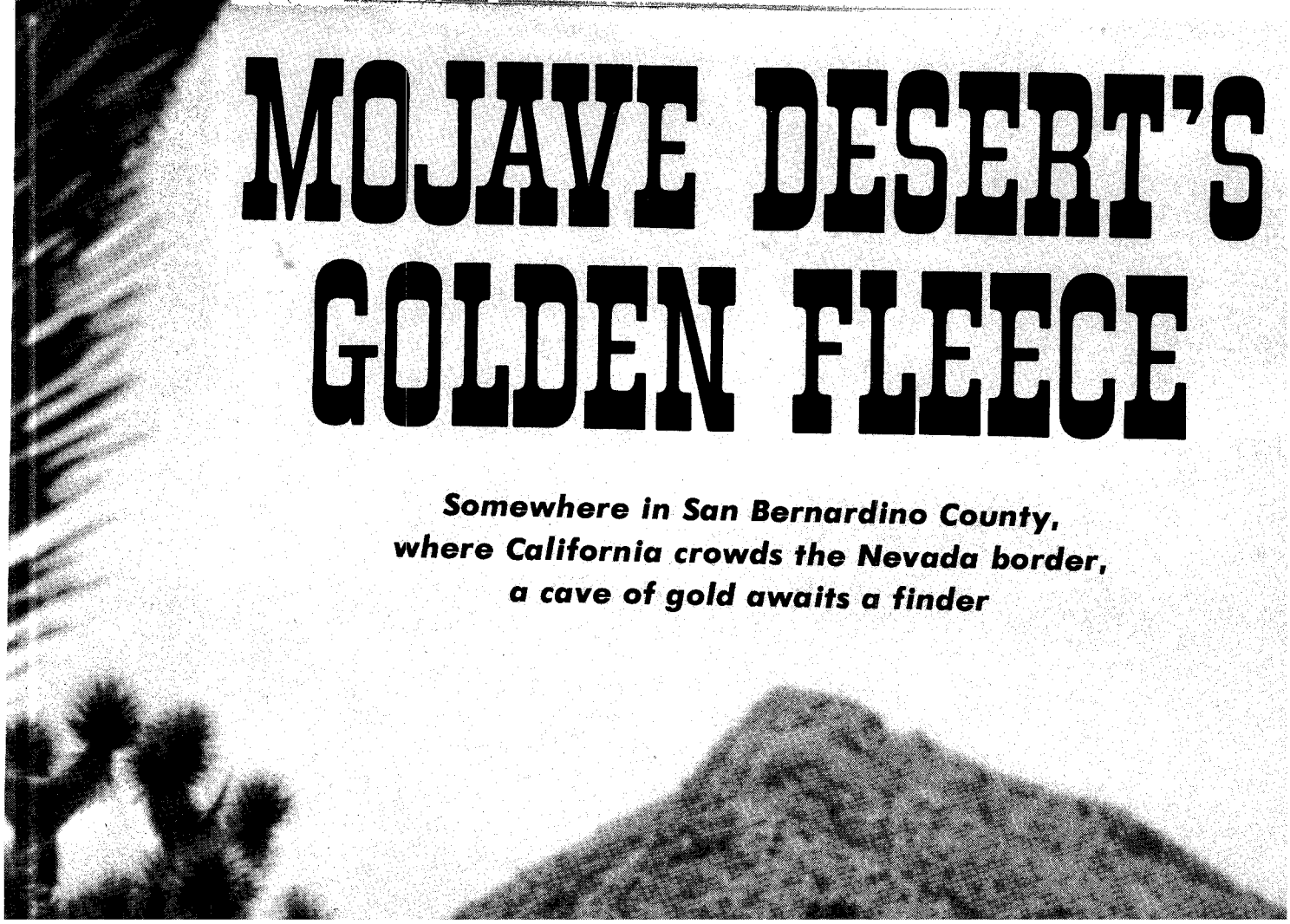

MOJAVE DESERT'S GOLDEN FLEECE

Somewhere in San Bernardino County, where California crowds the Nevada border, a cave of gold awaits a finder

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by Steve Wilson

There's a colossal cavern under California's great Mojave Desert that's more fantastic than the wildest of dreams. Only two white men, no longer living, have explored it. If only part of their story is true, it will make someone a millionaire.

The cavern is known by some as the "Cave of the Golden Sands." Others call it "Haunted." Most refer to it as "Crystal Cave." It's located on Kokoweef Mountain, a mile east of Mountain Pass and five miles south of U.S. Highway 91 in San Bernardino County, just 60 miles south of searing Death Valley, and about the same distance from Las Vegas.

Crystal Cave is said to have taken no less than six lives, and even today isn't the safest place to be, so I'm told.

According to the only two white men who explored the cavern, it leads 2,000 feet beneath the sweltering desert floor. A subterranean river flows through the chasm for more than eight miles, and plunges down a 3,000 foot precipice. A bed of gold-bearing black sand 350 feet wide and eight feet deep runs along the banks of the river. What's more, a prominent Los Angeles chemist has assayed the sand. His report showed a fantastic $2,145.47 per cubic yard at the old gold price of $20.67 an ounce!

These are facts Earl P. Dorr set down 30 years ago in a sworn affidavit. The story began more than a half century ago with three Indians who were brothers. From early tribal history they had known of the small entrance to the legendary cave. Tradition said the cavern was so vast that no one knew where it led or how far it went. Deep inside the abyss was a long river, and along its banks was much gold.

The three brothers periodically entered the cave and picked up small nuggets, probing the fertile black sands for the golden granules. The brothers carried out large quantities of gold from the deep cavern, trading in nearby towns. But one day, while climbing along a narrow ledge with only the light of their primitive torches, one brother slipped and fell over a great cliff, dashing out his brains on the sharp rocks below.

From that time on the two brothers were forbidden to enter the cursed cave that had swallowed up one of their tribe. Their leaders believed the brothers had angered the thunder gods.

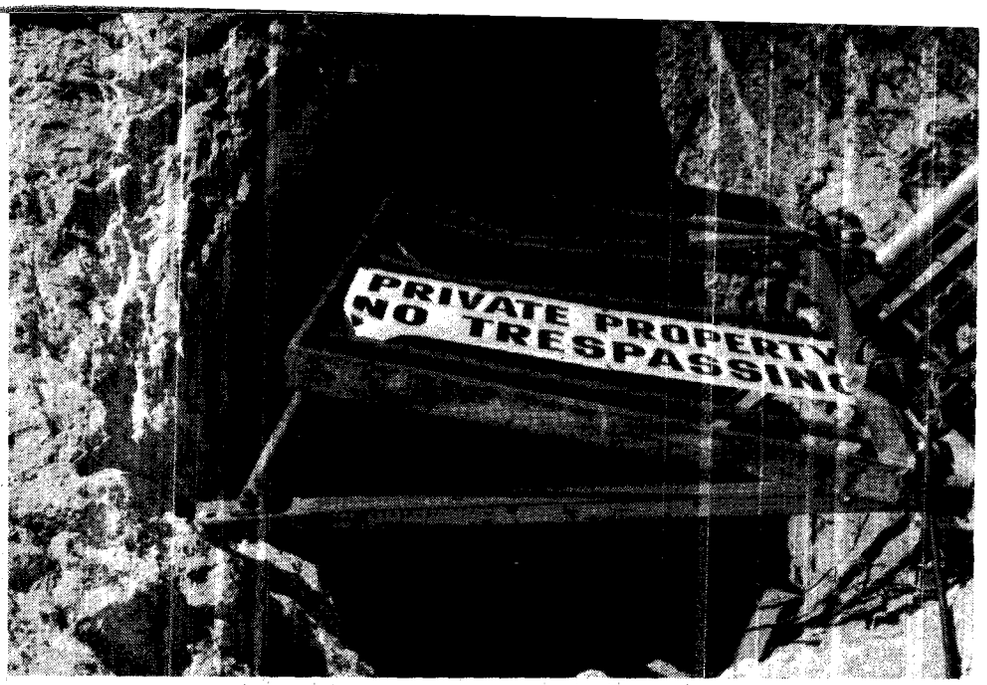
Several years later the two Indians became good friends of the Dorr family, and often visited them at their ranch. Earl Dorr was only a boy at the time, but the Indians liked the lad very much. One day they gave him a crude sketch scrawled on a piece of paper. They told him that he should keep the piece of paper until he grew up, and that the map would lead him to a big hole beneath the desert where a mighty river flowed, carrying yellow iron. Young Dorr and his father didn't think much of the sketch or the Indians' story at the time, but the boy never forgot the intriguing tale.

In a sworn affidavit on November 16, 1934, and published in the California *Mining Journal* November 1940, Dorr told what he had found when he decided to test the old Indian legend.

It was May, 1927 when Earl Dorr and his partner, a mining engineer, first found the caverns in the Ivanpah Mountains near the eastern border of California. Dorr disclosed that they spent four days exploring the caverns for a distance of no less than eight miles. Among their equipment were altimeters and pedometers to measure the distance they covered.

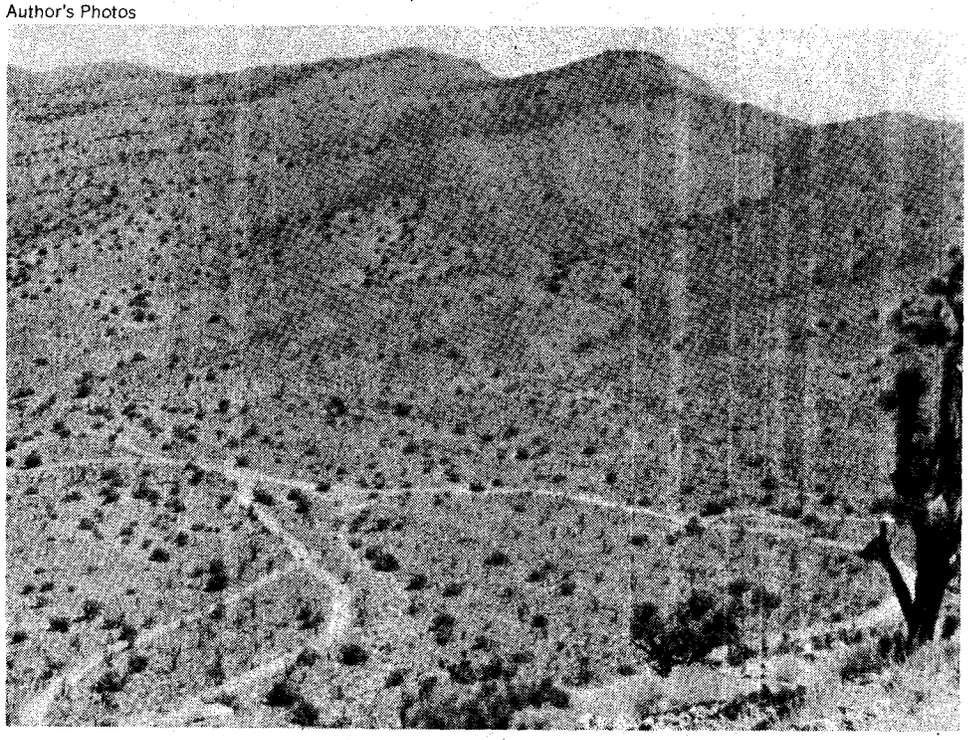
From the small entrance to the cavern, barely large enough to squeeze through, Dorr and his partner descended about 2,000 feet into the dark depths of Kokoweef Peak. At that point they discovered a canyon which, according to their altimeter, measured between 3,000 and

(Continued on page 62)



The owners of the fabled Crystal Cave keep the entrance locked and barred.

Author's Photos



Kokoweef Peak (l.) looms high above searing Mojave Desert.

View of great Mojave Desert below the cavern entrance.

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Joseph's Nez Perce–

Photos: Montana's Historical Society.

Chief Joseph, a just and forceful leader, did what he did what he could for his people, but it was a losing battle.

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The Last Retreat

The Nez Perce fought like professionals, making skilled use of field fortifications, skirmish lines, and advance and rear guards—but how could they win when there were so pitifully few of them

by Samuel Stanley

The patrol picked its way cautiously down the grassy canyon slope that led to the Nez Perce camp at the mouth of White Bird Creek. It was barely daybreak. Below, about a mile distant, the pointed tops of tepees were just emerging from the mist blanketing the meadow. In charge of the patrol was Lieutenant Theller.

The eight-man patrol was the advance party of a 110-man punitive force riding to attack, that morning of June 17, 1877. These Indians had been branded as hostiles and slated for punishment. Now two troops of the 1st Cavalry, under Capt. David Perry, had set out from Ft. Lapwai by order of General O.O. Howard, commanding, to make Chief Joseph and his band pay in blood for their effort to live with white men in peace.

The sun slanted across the rippling Idaho terrain, blurring the trail ahead. The men squinted. Suddenly, shaping out of the softly shifting light, six horsemen appeared. One carried a white flag. Behind them, a scattering of mounted men stood motionless among the shadows.

"What do you people want?" shouted the Indian in the lead. Quickly Theller deployed his men without answering the question. A civilian scout, Ad Chapman, even pulled out his rifle and pegged two shots in direction of the truce team.

The answering volley from the Indians was immediate and one lucky shot dropped Trumpeter Jones of F Company dead from his saddle. His loss was serious. Now H Company's trumpeter was left alone to sound the bugle calls vital for communication.

Chapman's firing at the truce team was an unprovoked insult and breach of faith. Others were to follow—always on the part of the whites—before this tragic struggle of the Nez Perce for survival was to end 1300 miles away. Also to follow was a masterly display of combat prowess and courage which made regular U.S. troops—and their career officers—often look like amateurs.

The shots had alerted the main body. Capt. Perry came galloping up, shouting orders. He sent a group of 11 armed civilians, who had joined the force the night before, to occupy a knoll on the left. The spot commanded a wide sweep of the canyon's mouth and the camp just beyond. Capt. Trimble spurred with Company H to the right. Theller's Company F, minus its bugler, dismounted and took the center.

The Indians also were getting ready. Offhand, they seemed hardly a match for professional soldiers. They mustered only about 60 warriors, some elderly, and about one-third armed only with bow and arrow. Worse still, many of these bucks were nursing hangovers from the previous night's binge. They didn't shape up impressively.

But they were fighters. Ollikut, a war leader and Joseph's brother, climbed a butte overlooking the camp, from whence his 48 men poured murderous fire into Trimble's Company H. Meanwhile, Two Moon's 15 men circled left to flank the 11 volunteers, who were quickly routed with a loss of two wounded. From the captured high point Two Moon's braves kept up their fire. The storm of lead plunged H Company's horses into a frenzy of bucking and terrified whinnies and soon the troop became a scramble of shouting, cursing men struggling with their mounts. They no longer counted as fighters.

Yellow Wolf, Nez Perce warrior, Joseph's interpreter.

The attack had lost all semblance of cohesion. Already 12 troopers lay dead, including H Company's solitary bugler. No means of communication, without which the command was helpless, now existed. The Indians galloped to and fro, shooting from under the necks of their mounts, with teamwork like that of trained cavalry. Under such pressure, F Company in the center broke in confusion.

The two companies, utterly disorganized, then fell back in panic. Six men under Sgt. McCarthy, whom Perry had sent to support Trimble's flank, were left isolated in their shaky stronghold above the action; Perry tried desperately to rescue them, but had to give up. Finally Lt. Parnell, one of the cooler heads, rallied his platoon long enough to extricate the besieged squad. It was the day's only success.

By now the troops' only thought was to get out of that death-filled canyon. Perry strove repeatedly to form a new stand, but each time was routed. Quick to seize their advantage—a talent they were to demonstrate again and again—the Indians drove a herd of riderless horses through the fleeing troops, scattering and confusing them more. A 19-man rear guard hastily formed by Lt. Theller wound up in a blind ravine and was slaughtered to a man.

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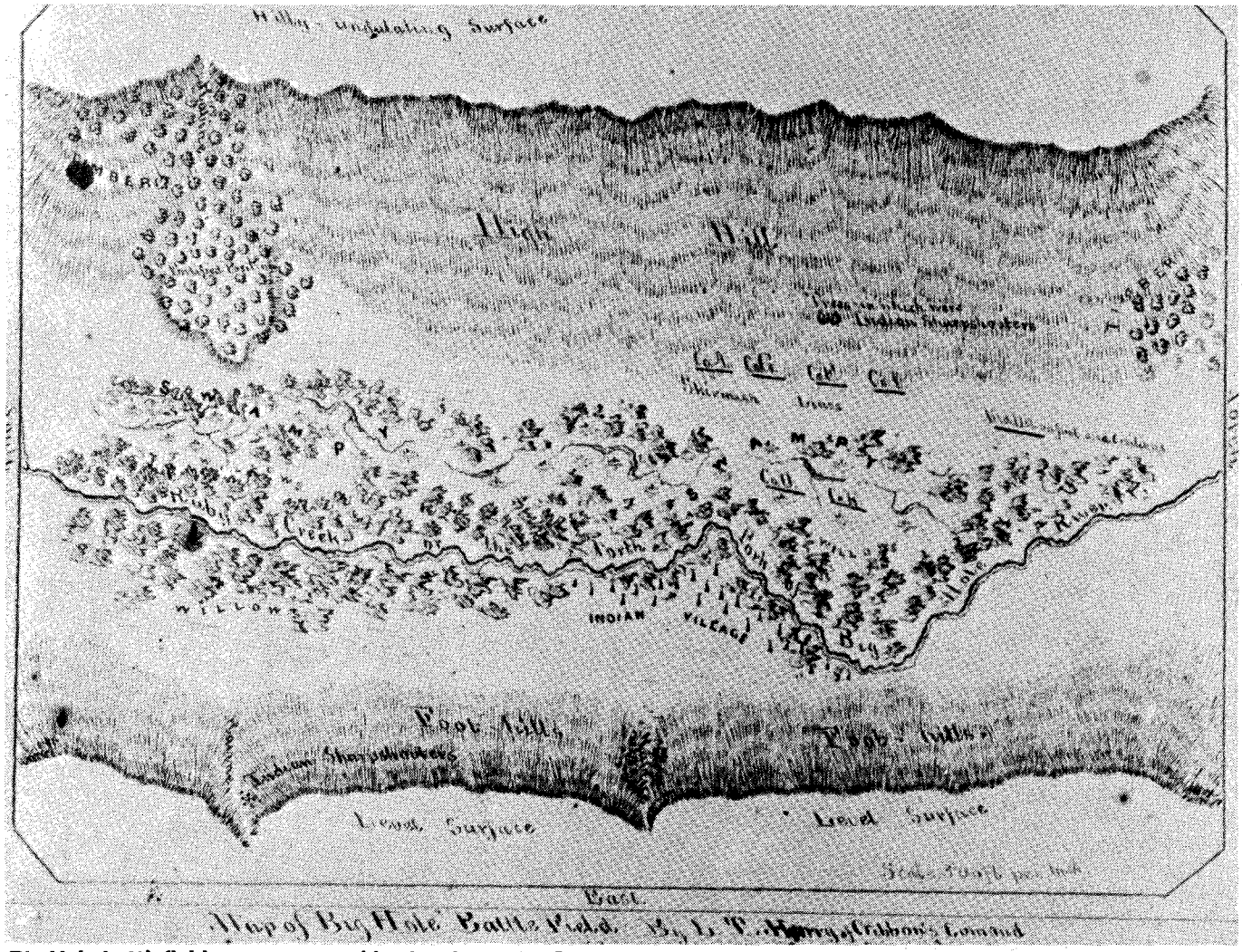
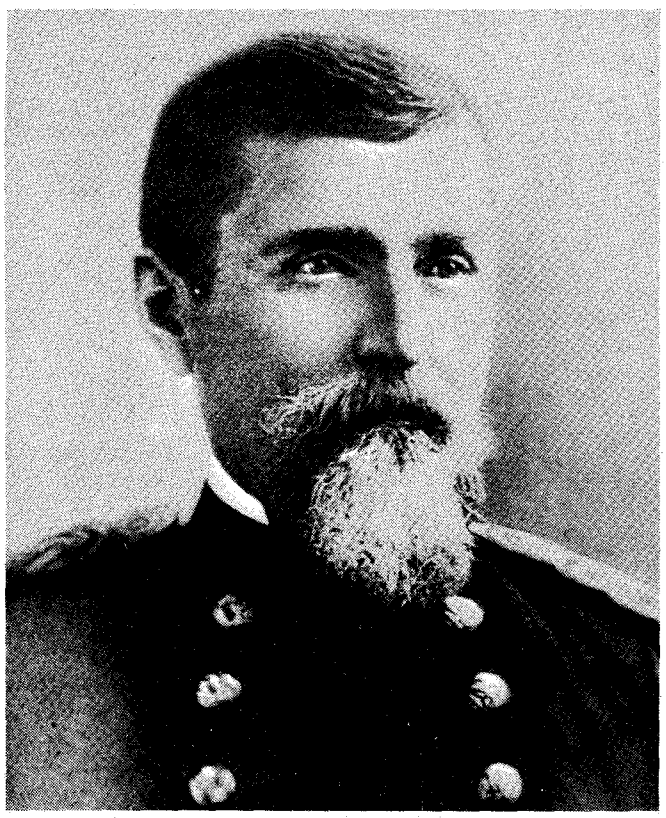


Big Hole battlefield, grass-covered basin where Nez Perce were subjected to 3-pronged attack from surrounding hills.



Colonel (later General) John Gibbon.

The remainder of Perry's command escaped. Pursued by their foe, who just missed trapping them in the canyon, they galloped back over the trail they'd come on, not stopping until the Indians gave up the chase four miles from Mt. Idaho. Behind, the bodies of 34 comrades lay scattered.

The Nez Perce hadn't lost a man. They had out-fought, outshot and out-maneuvered trained U.S. troops. They never wanted war: in vain, they had tried appeasement, swallowed outrage, all in the hope of being allowed to live in peace on their homeland in Oregon's Wallowa Valley. But Major General, Howard, commanding the Department of the Columbia, had been ordered to remove them. White men wanted their land—guaranteed the Indians by solemn treaty—and that was that.

Some bands had yielded and quietly settled on the Lapwai reservation assigned them. But Chief Joseph had refused. After a series of incidents, Howard sent Perry to teach these stubborn redskins a lesson and *make them obey*. Meanwhile Joseph, despairing of justice and too proud to submit, had gathered his band and set out to look for another home.

The search was to take them 1300 miles, far into Montana, where they were at last overwhelmed by exhaustion and hopeless odds. It was an epoch of devotion by people who asked nothing but the right to live their lives their own way. Unfortunately, they met head-on the irresistable momentum of a vital, expanding civilization.

The end was far from humiliating. The Nez Perce, who never broke a treaty, never wronged an enemy put on a superb exhibition of military skill. And all in the hope of getting away from these whites, once their trusted friends.

After the battle at White Bird Canyon, Joseph led his tribe across the Salmon River, beside which they camped, and north-

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ward toward Clearwater Creek, which flowed through the familiar country they hated so much to leave. It was a well-planned move. If General Howard followed, as they were sure he would, he might be lured into tedious counter-marches, involving at least one or two crossings of the swift-running Salmon River. Horses and equipment were bound to suffer, to say nothing of men. The chiefs planned later to strike eastward across the Bitterroot Mountains, by the difficult Lolo Trail. Howard would have his hands full catching them.

Howard did oblige by following the Indians across the Salmon, hunting them up and down, then recrossing to end up where he started. As expected, his losses in horses and equipment was considerable. Meanwhile, Joseph's warriors killed off another 11 men—a patrol led by Lieutenant Rains—without loss to themselves.

Howard's 400-man force withdrew to Cottonwood Ranch to wait for reinforcements, pausing along the way at White Bird Canyon to bury the dead from Perry's command. Not one body had been mutilated. The Nez Perce had taken only their rifles. These they needed and knew how to use better than the soldiers. Nez Perce were in fact the best marksmen of any tribe.

Joseph made camp along Clearwater Creek, gathering himself for the long, hard trek across the Lolo Trail. Here he was joined Looking Glass and his band, who had become thoroughly embittered by a treacherous attack by Capt. Whipple, who had been sent to arrest them. Joseph now had a fighting strength of 200 warriors. At this point, only one Indian had been killed.

However, General Howard, once more on the march, trailed the Indians and on July 11 caught them by surprise. From a barren plateau above the camp four troops of cavalry under Captain Perry, followed by four infantry companies under Captain Miles, opened fire. They were supported by two Gatling guns and a battery of howitzers under Colonel Miller. Some 100 scouts and volunteers gave added strength.

A brave Indian sub-leader with the mouth-filling name of Toohoolhoolzote led a quick dash with 24 men across the creek, blocking a flank attack. It was a battle of position. Each side maneuvered cautiously, trying to outflank the other. By this time, the troops had a healthy respect for Nez Perce marksmanship.

The Indians fired from well-placed rifle pits. They had seized a spring, the soldiers' only source of water, and by nightfall the whites missed it.

The fighting swayed from cover to cover. Once Joseph's men almost captured the pack train, which was saved only by a last-minute charge. At the end of the day, neither side had gained an advantage.

Next morning a cavalry charge led by Col. Miller, with artillery support, wrested back the precious spring. Shortly thereafter Capt. Jackson arrived with another troop to beef up Howard's command. The Indians were getting a little weary of the fight and were gradually withdrawing. Capt. Perry's men scrambled after them down the creek—and fumbled a perfect chance for glory by too much hesitation. Perry still remembered White Bird Canyon.

The battle might be called a draw; it was hardly a victory for the whites, though they outnumbered their enemy almost three to one. In casualties this ratio was more than reversed. The Nez Perce lost 4 killed and 6 wounded. But the soldiers' loss was 13 dead, 27 wounded. The Indians had fought like seasoned professionals—which they weren't at all—and had carried out an orderly retreat, largely the outcome of disagreements among themselves.

The chiefs were of different minds. Joseph was by no means an absolute ruler; the people obeyed whatever leader they wished, even in battle. That they fought so well seems incredible by our standards. Now Joseph wanted to retreat no farther: he argued for a last-ditch stand against eviction, a fight to the end. But Looking Glass painted a rosy picture of the buffalo country in Montana. The Crows, he insisted, would be their friends, and his argument won. The band headed for the Lolo Trail.

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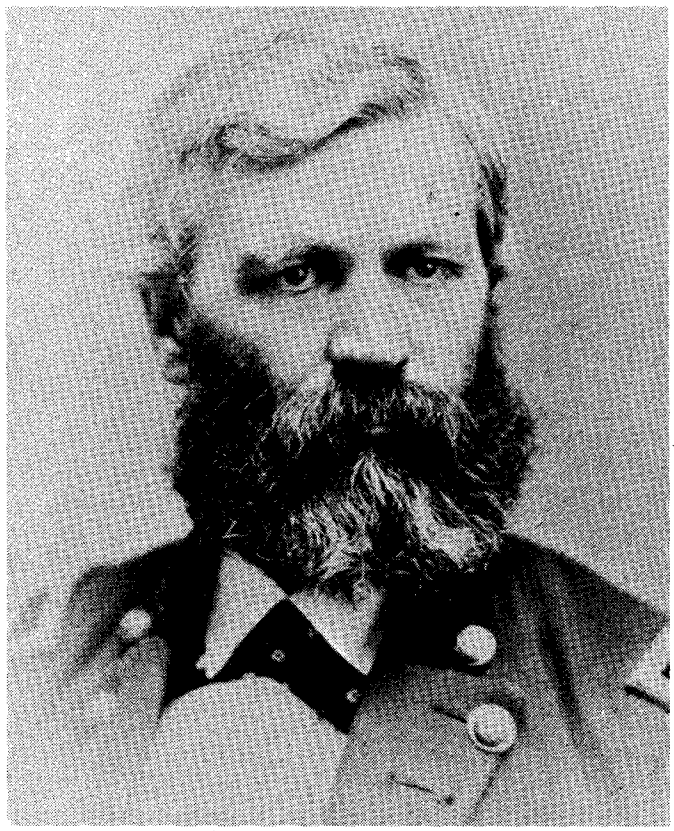

Gen. Howard—at Targhee Pass, Joseph escaped trap.

Looking Glass—after he died morale sank.

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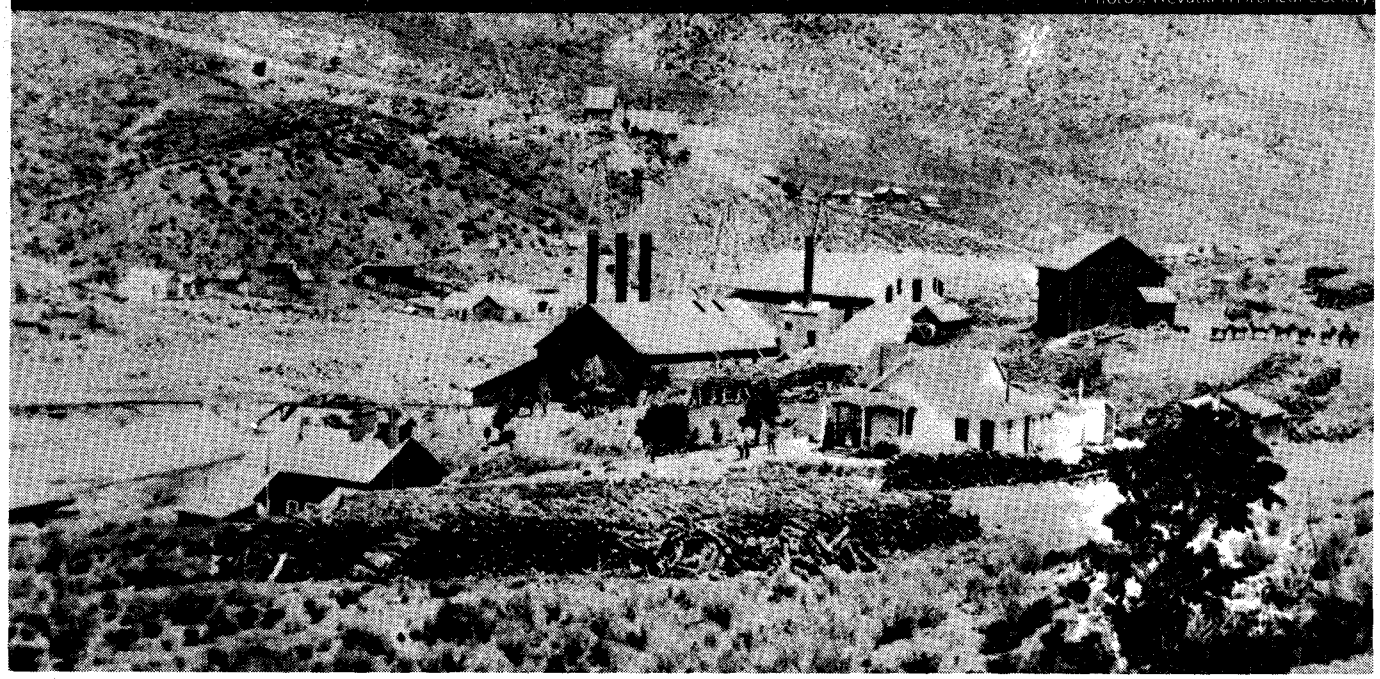
The miners liked dancing, horse racing, sleighing, baseball and billiards; sometimes the horse races, which were held on the main street, lasted several days . . .

Photos: Nevada Historical Society



Amid scenic hills in White Pine County, Nevada, stood the Eberhardt Mill, later burned with loss of $300,000.

THE $75,000,000

by Doris Cerveri

HAMILTON WAS a rip snorting, wild and wooly boomer while it lasted. Although there are a couple of theories as to how the original discovery came about, most oldtimers agree that Indian Jim returned a favor to A. J. Leathers, a prospector, by giving him a large chunk of silver-chloride ore.

"Mebbe so napias," the Indian supposedly said, napias meaning silver. After news of their thrilling discovery leaked out, about 30,000 excited, disorganized individuals poured into the small community isolated near the top of a moutain, and in hardly over a year and a half uncovered approximately $75,000,000 worth of silver.

Probably no sudden rush to a new area was so short and at the same time so intense.

People of every nationality and class, including thieves, murderers, prostitutes, gamblers from other camps and desperadoes established themselves in clusters of ragged tents, shacks put together with whiskey barrel staves, packing crates, canvas, pine logs, cedar posts, woolen blankets, willows, rawhides, hay, mud and stone, and numerous other makeshift dwellings.

They holed up in caves, prevalent in the area, or slept on the floors of stores, saloons and restaurants, or under the sagebrush. At the beginning of the rush there was no hotel or rooming house.

All kinds of conveyances from one-horse carts to 16-mule teams and four-horse sleighs crowded the noisy streets. Long lines of mules and oxen drawing heavy wagons laden with all kinds of supplies, mill machinery, whiskey and mule feed made the rounds. Attempts to make any headway in the mud and rocks and between masses of sweaty horseflesh, and the excited, jubilant stream of humanity, were almost impossible and not at all practical.

Shoshone Indians, Chinese coolies, and miners with salted claims ready to sell to greenhorns, too, swarmed the streets. Stores and saloons overflowed with grub-by men whose pockets bulged with specimens, small silver bars, rolls of location notices and assay certificates. Mines and mining was the one and only topic of conversation.

Adding to the confusion was the arrival each week of large herds of cattle trail-driven overland from Texas. New arrivals coming in on the six daily stage lines numbered from 50 to 100. People came, also, by train from Elko almost a 150 miles distant; some came in buggies, and many walked, begging or stealing on the way.

The region where this huge amount of silver was found, was in the White Pine Mountains, towering 10,000 awesome feet, and running nearly north and south. At the time this was part of Utah Territory, and was known only to Pony Express riders and several trail blazers, who had established cut-offs and main routes to the West.

Best known of these trails was the Simpson-Egan Route established about 1855 by Howard Egan, and later mapped and surveyed by Capt. Simpson in 1859. This route went through central Nevada, and traversed White Pine from east to west, going via Egan Springs. In spite of frequent travel no real settlements except Ruby Station and a camp at the Gold

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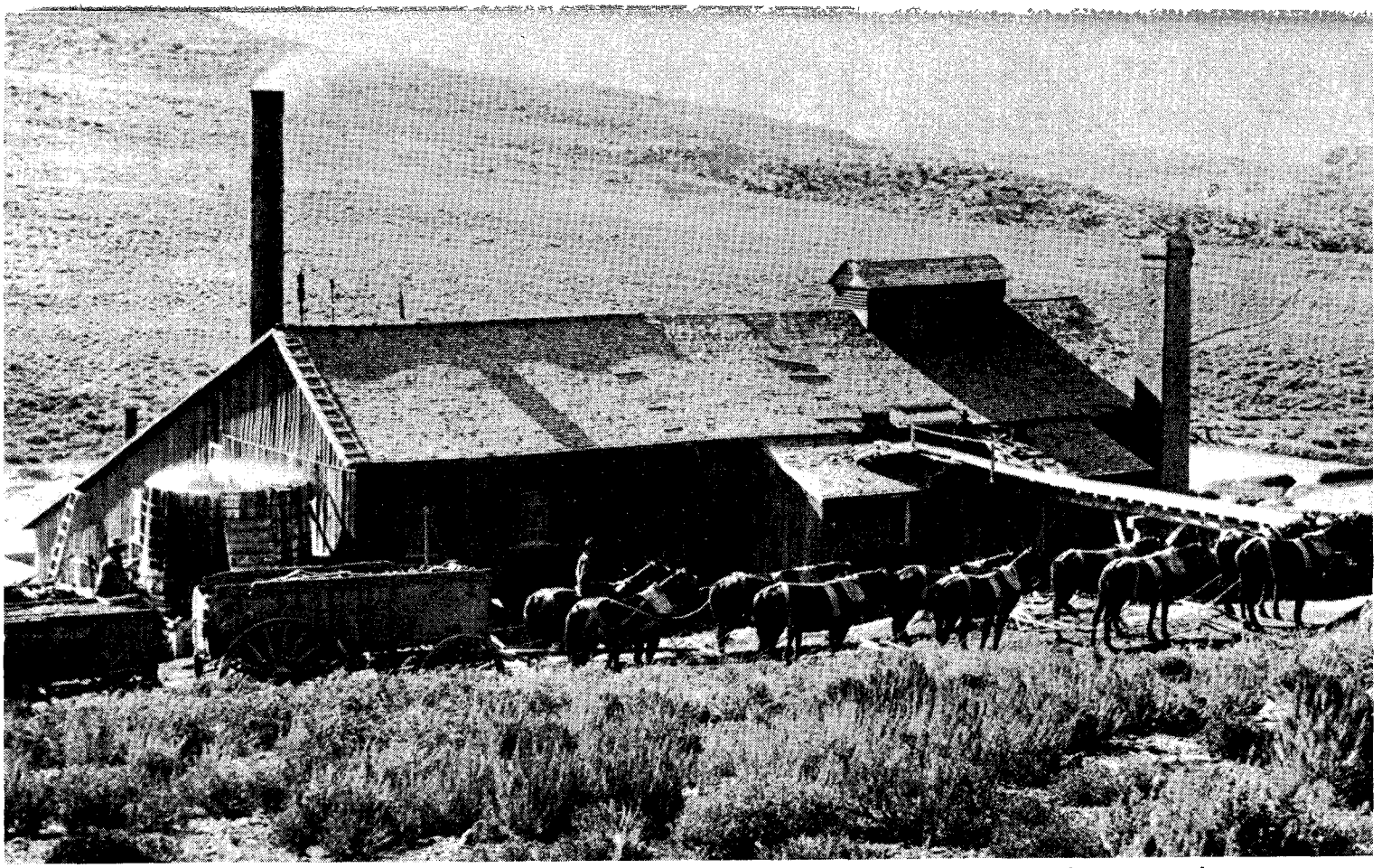

Treasure Hill Mill, where some of Hamilton's richest silver mines hauled their ore to be processed.

DOLLAR FLASH

Canyon District were made until 1865 when the White Pine Mining District was formed with Hamilton as its center.

Rich ore was found in ridges composed of Devonian limestone and shale. Another characteristic of the geology of the region was the finding of marine fossils such as corals, terebratulos, spirifiers, ammonites and seaweed. Four miles east of White Pine Mountain is Treasure Hill where four different forms of ore deposits were discovered.

The first were uncovered in fissures striking east and west; the second in deposits of limestone and shale; the third in beds and chambers in the limestone and parallel to the stratification of the rock, and the fourth in joints and fractures across the rock extending north and south.

Silver found in the district was in the form of chlorides, bromides, sulphites, and ruby and horn silver. There was not a trace of the ordinary sulphurets found and no base metal to interfere with the immediate working of the silver.

In some places the silver took the form of "stephanite" and "stetfeldtite," the latter being peculiar to mines of eastern Nevada. Very little gold was found. Geologists believed the deposits resulted from volcanic action, but mining engineers theorized that White Pine Mountain had once been the bed of an ancient sea.

With the limestone breaking sharply the silver between layers was exposed to air. Shale left by the receding sea acted upon the silver and thus exposed had formed the peculiar combination known as chloride of silver. This latter belief was partly correct because no true fissure veins or ledges were discovered on Treasure Hill. The very rich ore often petered out after shafts in the mountains reached

(Continued on page 50)

Street scene, present-day Hamilton; past glory is not evident.

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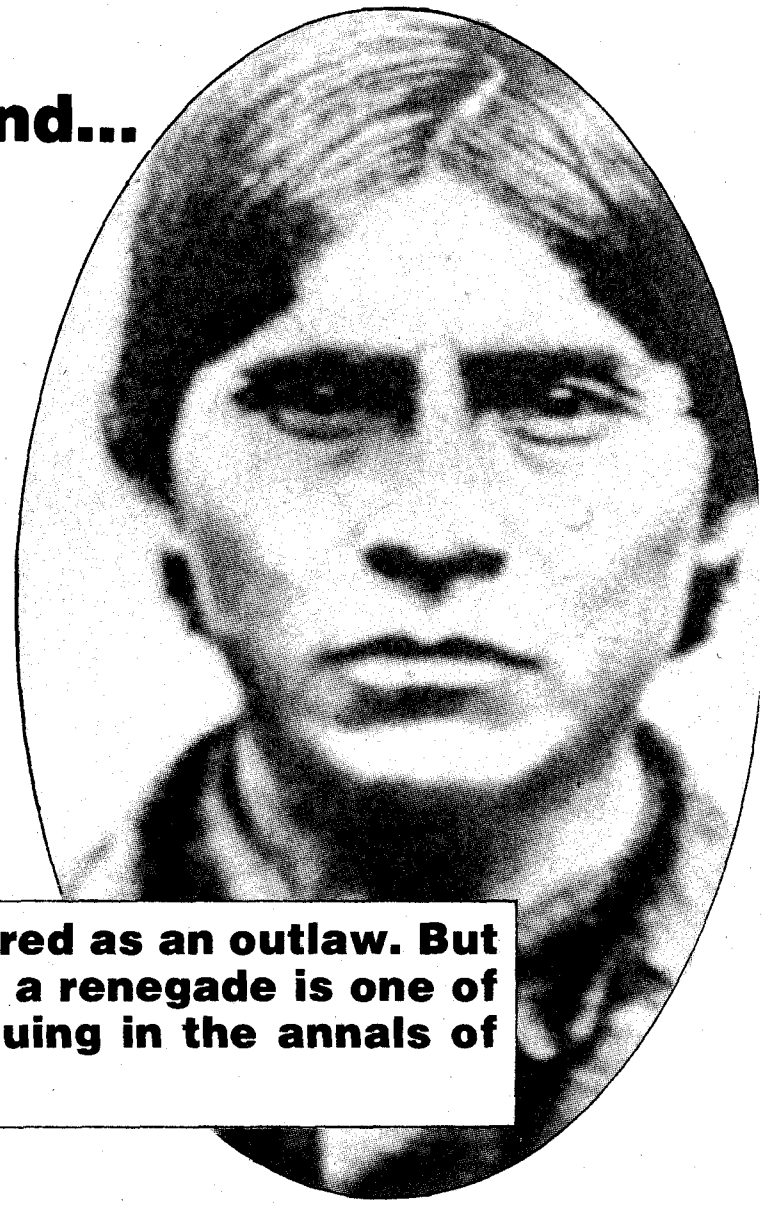
The Sad Story Behind...

HOW WHITE MAN'S JUSTICE TURNED THE APACHE KID INTO A RENEGADE!



The Apache Kid is remembered as an outlaw. But the story of how he became a renegade is one of the saddest and most intriguing in the annals of western history

By JACK KUTZ

THE APACHE WARS of the late 19th century were epic dramas, played out on one of the world's hardest, cruelest stages, the deserts of Arizona, and old and New Mexico.

The central characters in these tragic sagas were, by necessity, men of heroic stature, often compelled by fate to play roles not of their own choosing.

The tale of the enigmatic Apache Kid is a classic example.

The beginnings of the Apache Kid's story are lost beyond hope of recovery. Indeed, much of his life is shrouded in mystery and contradiction. No one is even certain of his original name. Most have said he was first called Ski-be-nan-ted. Some contended his name was Oska-ben-nan-telz which translates as "Terrible Tempered." Still others would tell you his name was "Four Fingers" or "Crazy One" or even "Hears something in the night." Most prophetic were those who claimed he was called Haskay-bay-nay-ntyl, which means "Tall brave man destined to come to a mysterious end."

Albert Sieber befriended the "Kid," only to have it end in gunfire.

He may have been a White Mountain Apache but more likely he was a full blooded Coyotero. He is believed to have been born in the 1860's near Globe, Arizona, eldest of seven children and nephew of a minor chief, Toggedechuse. When he was still very young, he and his mother were captured by the Yumas. These Indians raised him until he was recaptured during one of General George A. Crook's Arizona campaigns.

He was 12 at this time, wise beyond his years, and very adaptable. Back at Globe, he earned his livelihood cleaning the saloons and running errands for the shopkeepers in this booming frontier town. It was a poor life for any child, and infinitely worse for a little Apache boy adrift in the white man's world. The youngster was living a hand-to-mouth existence, surviving by his wits, when he was discovered by Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts for the United States Army, Department of Arizona.

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Albert Sieber was a legend in his own time. A veteran of Gettysburg who went west after the War, he soon gained reknown as an Indian fighter. In 1871, he signed up as a Scout for Crook and served in the campaigns against the Apaches for nearly two decades. He was, as General Nelson Miles once said, "the most self-contained and most fearless scout in the service."

Sieber's ability to command the Indians serving under him stemmed primarily from mutual respect. "Sieber's Scouts" were willing to die for him, and often did, because he never lied to them, was always fair, and, most important, because he understood them. Perhaps, it was his insight into the special nature of Indians that caused him to befriend this particular Apache urchin.

Sieber took the youngster under his wing, got him out of the barrooms and alleys, and gave him a new home. This home, the one he would know for many years, was "Hell's Forty Acres," the U.S. Army Post at San Carlos. Sieber made him a sort of orderly and messenger boy around the garrison. He taught him the English language, even showed him how to cook the white man's food. He also gave him a new name—Kid.

While there was no formal adoption, the Indian boy and the white Scout were, for a time at least, very much like father and son. They became inseparable. Everywhere Sieber went, the Kid tagged along. In 1883, when General Crook's forces campaigned in Mexico, the young Apache boy rode along. During the Geronimo campaigns in 1885 and '86, the Kid was at Sieber's side.

As soon as he was old enough, the Kid enlisted in the Scouts. He rose quickly to the rank of Sergeant and, within two years, was made First Sergeant.

In spite of all that followed, his reputation as a Scout has never been impugned. The Apache Kid was one of the best.

By now, he had grown into a man. He stood 5'9" and weighed a trim 150 pounds. His handsome features and cat-like grace made him extremely popular amongst the Apache maidens around San Carlos. He was an excellent shot and his eyesight was said to be nothing short of phenomenal. Apaches are a sharp-eyed people but even among his own face the Kid's vision was unsurpassed.

Once, on a scouting mission, the Kid, accompanied by a white officer, rode to the top of a tall bluff overlooking a great valley. There on the plain below, a full 15 miles away, the Kid spotted a group of mounted men. Even with high powered binoculars the officer could barely make out a faint dust cloud through the shimmering heat waves. But after a moment's study, the Kid declared them to be white men, 50 in number, and possessing several mules. A few hours later, contact was made with the party and the Kid's report proved exactly correct.

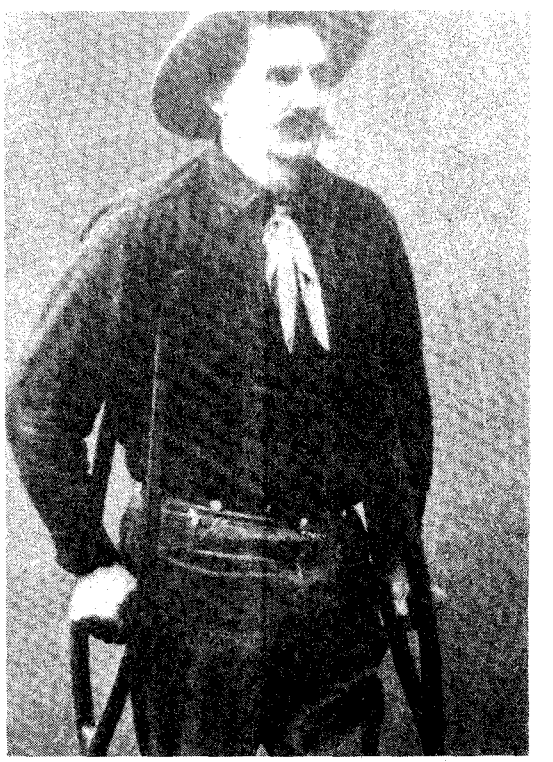
The Apache Kid was headed for a career of distinguished service, achieving an honored position in an alien army. He transacted an influential marriage and wedded one of Chief Eskiminzin's daughters. Then, fate intervined and changed everything.

One night, the Kid's uncle, old Toggedechuse, invited some friends to drink tiswin with him. The get-to-gether, as all too often happened, degenerated into a free-for-all boracho which lasted all weekend and ended in drunken brawling, gunplay and the death of Chief Toggedechuse. All who were present agreed the fatal shot had been fired into Toggedechuse's back by the Chief's long time rival and blood enemy, a bronco Apache named Rip.

The Apache Kid grieved his uncle's death deeply but his training in the white man's military discipline was strong enough to restrain him from seeking a typical Apache revenge. He brooded but did nothing.

Several months later, in the summer of 1887, Sieber and Captain Pierce left for an inspection tour of the White River Subagency. In their absence, Sergeant Kid was placed in charge of the Scouts and made acting Chief of Police. It was a position of considerable importance and the Kid did not take lightly the trust that had been placed in his hands.

A few days after Pierce and Sieber left, word came to the post that a big boracho was in progress in the shady ceremonial groves along the river. With the white chiefs gone, the rougher elements among the clans thought it a good opportunity to throw a party. As usual, the illegal spree had quickly gotten out of hand. In addition to feasting, dancing and gambling, there was much fighting and more celebrants were arriving hourly.



Above: The Apache Kid as he looked when a scout. Below: Sieber was on crutches after the San Carlos fight.

Lieutenant F. B. Fowler, in command during Pierce's absence, sent Sergeant Kid and his police to break up the drunken orgy before someone got killed.

Smoke from the great ceremonial fires drifted up through the cottonwoods as the Kid and four Indian policemen rode into the dancing, chanting throng. The Kid read aloud his orders and was greeted by jeers and hooting.

"Let us alone, Kid," they shouted. "Go back to your white friends. This

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is an Indian party."

"You are an Indian too, Kid," someone said, "or have you forgotten? Come. Have a drink with your brothers."

The Kid hesitated, torn by loyalty to the white man's army and love of his own people. Someone handed him a bottle of whiskey. Apache girls were smiling at him and the rhythm of the dancing throbbed in his head. He dropped lightly down from his horse and tilted up the bottle. By late afternoon, the Kid and his fellow policemen were as drunk as the rest. Just before sundown, another band of Apaches rode into the grove and joined the great feast. At their head rode the bronco renegade named Rip.

When Al Sieber returned from the White River a few days later, he found the Kid and his four compadres still absent from duty. Angry and disappointed by his protege's betrayal, Sieber was sulking in his tent when a sentry reported a row of Indians coming toward the post on horseback, single file. Five very hungover Apaches stopped at the edge of the garrison and the Kid told Sergeant Toney to tell Sieber he wanted to talk to him. Antonio Diaz, a Mexican squaw man and interpreter, spoke to the Kid and shook his hand.

"How is it you have been out so long?" he asked.

"We have been off and I have killed a man at the Aravaipa," the Kid answered.

"Lo Siento," Antonio said, "I am sorry for it."

"It is no matter of yours," the Kid said flatly. "It is my affair and no one else's."

Now Sieber arrived and stared sullenly at his friend. "Hello, Kid," he said at last. "Hello," the Kid replied, trying to smile.

Sieber motioned for the Kid to follow him and as they walked toward Sieber's tent a crowd of curious Apache on-lookers fell in behind them. At the tent, Captain Pierce demanded the five AWOL Scouts turn in their rifles, sidearms and cartridge belts. This they dutifully did, hanging them over a caneback chair standing near the tent.

"You have been absent five days without permission," Pierce intoned, "I order you to the calaboose."

Antonio Diaz interpreted the command and the Scouts met it with stoney silence. "Calaboose," Antonio repeated.

The Kid glanced at his friends. They had expected this. They had come back at the Kid's insistance; they were contrite but they had already agreed they would not go to jail. Outside the tent, Pierce saw the crowd stirring and several Indians seated on horses brought down their rifles and began digging cartridges from their belts.

"Look out, Sieber! They're going to fire!" Pierce cried as a volley of shots ripped through the tent.

Sieber kicked over the chair, scattering the Scouts' firearms and made a dive for his own gun. In the confusion, the Kid dashed for his horse. Sieber reappeared at the flap of the tent and fired wildly at the Indians on horseback. In the same instant, he was hit. A .45-70 slug from a buffalo gun shattered his left leg just below the knee. The Kid, still unarmed, and accompanied by several others, fled the post.

Within minutes, troops were organized and took to the field. The Fourth Cavalry led by Lt. Charles Elliot pursued the fugitives for 10 or 15 miles, then lost them when darkness fell.

At dawn, they set out on the now cold trail galloping in vain through Aravaipa Canyon and down the San Pedro Valley. By now the Kid and the others were riding hard for the border. Elliot's force was soon aided by Lt. Carter Johnson's detachment from Camp Thomas and a troop commanded by Lt. James B. Hughes who caught up with the renegades in the Rincon Mountains. In a blazing gun-

Albert Sieber poses with a pair of his Apache scouts (left). At first Sieber didn't believe the Apache Kid shot him, but when he found out his leg wouldn't mend he testified that it had been the Kid who shot him. General George Crook (below) captured the Kid at age 12 from the Yumas. He brought him to Globe, Arizona where Sieber made the Kid a scout.

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fight, the troopers, though killing no one, overran the Kid's camp and recaptured most of the horses.

Shortly after this engagement, the Kid sent out a courier with an offer of surrender, for even now he could not believe he was in serious trouble. Surely, the Army would listen to his side of the story; they would understand he had done nothing worse than drink forbidden whiskey with his own people and had settled his own score with Rip.

General Miles accepted the Kid's offer and, true to his word, the Kid came in. At San Carlos, he listened amongst them all. I am not afraid to tell all these things because I have not done very much harm. I killed only one man whose name is 'Rip' because he killed my uncle. I am not educated like you and therefore can't say much. If I had made any arrangement before I came in, I would not have given up my arms at Mr. Sieber's tent. That is all I have to say."

No one at the trial was able to swear they had seen the Kid shoot at anyone or do anything except try to get away once the shooting started. Even Sieber, testifying from his hospital bed, was not sure who had fired the crippling shot. The Apache Kid was shocked and disillusioned when the verdict of guilty was brought in. He and the other four mutineers were sentenced to death by firing squad. The Kid's faith in white men was destroyed forever.

The case received some noteriety and eventually the courtmartial was proven illegal since, by act of Congress, Indian defendants were now to be tried in civil courts.

A second trial was held and the embittered young Apache again testified in his own behalf. By this time Sieber had realized his leg was never going to mend and that he was crippled for life. He too, now testified in bitterness, claiming the Kid lied. The jury, all white Arizonans, accepted Sieber's new testimony, again finding the five defendants guilty. They were sentenced to seven years hard labor at the Yuma Territorial Prison.

It was customary at that time to tattoo the foreheads of Indian convicts so they could be readily identifiable. The Kid received a "W," for warrior, an oddly prophetic mark for he was soon to become more of a warrior than he had ever been.

Arrangements to transport the prisoners were made. Gila County Sheriff Glenn Reynolds cockily turned down a military escort, loaded his charges into a stagecoach, and took along only an armed driver named Gene Middleton and his deputy, a barroom poet known as "Hunkey Dory" Holmes. A cold rain was falling as the coach rolled out of Globe on the long road to Yuma. They made 40 miles the first day and spent the night at Riverside Station.

November 2, 1889 dawned chill and damp. The rain had stopped but dark clouds hung in the sky and the first signs of winter were in the air. The horses strained, blowing hard as they pulled the coach on through the muddy ruts. At the base of a steep hill, Reynolds ordered the prisoners out to lighten the load. The Sheriff walked ahead of the heavily-manacled men while his deputy followed behind, covering them with his rifle. The stage gradually pulled ahead of the walkers and suddenly, half the Indians jumped Holmes and the rest pounced on Reynolds.

"Hunkey Dory" Holmes was first to die. Later, it would be said he died of fright for no wounds were found on his body.

Pas-Lau-Tau grabbed Holmes' rifle and shot Sheriff Reynolds as he struggled with the Indians trying to take away his shotgun. At the sound of the shot, Middleton turned in his seat and caught a bullet in the mouth which knocked him off the coach.

He lay bleeding in the mud, feigning death as the Apaches approached

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Veteran scout Mickey Free, eyeing the $15,000 reward, set out to capture the Kid and thought he'd found him. But the scalp he returned with proved the wrong one since the Kid was still staging raids.

in disbelief as he heard himself charged with shooting and maiming his best friend, Albert Sieber. A courtmartial was held and the Kid, still sure he could vindicate himself, spoke in his own defense.

"I think God sent a bad spirit in my heart," he said. "You all know all the people can't get along very well in the world. There are some good people and some bad people

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THEY BUILT THE WEST

TRIALS OF A PIONEER HOUSEWIFE

By NANCY V. COOLEY

Mary Jane Robinson (dark dress) and her sister Mrs. Sarah Thorpe shared many experiences as true pioneer housewives.

REFFERING TO MORE than half a century spent along the frontier, Mary Jane Gossett Robinson spoke with pride.

"I realize how richly blessed I was in that I held a place in common with other pioneer people, people who occupy a place in the history of Texas which will never be held by others. True love brightened the hours, and a dear God guided and sustained me."

As plain as the name she bore, Mary Jane was as typical of the harsh life of the southwestern frontier as homespun and hoecake. To the affluent society of the late 20th century, perhaps the most remarkable thing about her life is its total unremarkability among her contemporaries.

Hardship, danger, long hours of toil, the hazards of frequent moves, the succession of births and deaths, simple pleasures, abiding faith, sustaining love—hers is the story of all the pioneer homemakers of the West who struggled shoulder to shoulder with their men to tame the wilderness.

The seventh child in the family of James Lockridge Gossett and Priscilla Thompson Gossett from North Carolina, Mary Jane was born in a log cabin in Kaufman County, Texas, two days after Christmas, 1846. Most of her early years were spent on the banks of the San Antonio River, where her father operated a ferry. One of her earliest recollections was the familiar call, "J. L. Gossett, bring over the boat." Few modern children's thrills could rival her wild rides on the old ferry boat and in a cottonwood canoe fashioned by her brother.

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You won't find the name of Mary Jane Robinson in any history textbooks. She commanded no armies, never ran for office, discovered no gold mines. She was a housewife—a frontier housewife. But it was the Mary Jane Robinsons of the frontier who, in their own quiet ways, helped create the American West

Mary Jane and W. M. Robinson pose with two of their grandchildren. Even though they were almost strangers when they were married and Mary Jane was only 14 years old, she had a deep love for her rugged husband.

Mary Jane's bedtime stories were the immortal tragedies of Goliad and the Alamo, recounted by her father with tears of emotion rolling down his cheeks. Having served with General Sam Houston, James Gossett knew at first hand the victory at San Jacinto. Nearly a century after that battle Mary Jane recalled her father's account of the day Santa Anna was brought into the Texas camp.

"Houston held in his extended hand an ear of yellow corn and informed the vainglorious Mexican that was all the Texans had to eat while fighting, but as long as an ear of corn was in their reach there would be no surrender, on their part, until the last man was slain."

The excitement of old Fort Bexar, the forerunner of San Antonio, made a lifelong impression on the little girl. Eight decades afterward she spoke of happy days playing in the shadow of the Alamo. Vividly she recalled "the tread of boots, the jingle of spurs, the cracking of leather, the soft beat of hoofs, the sound of revolvers, the twang of the strings of guitars and the wanton crowds of Mexicans, Indians, and whites."

Before Mary Jane reached her 10th year, the Gossetts loaded their household necessities in a covered wagon, yoked the oxen, and migrated to a sparsely settled area in the San Fernandea Mountains. Their trail led through brush and timber harboring wild animals and hostile Indians and across angry streams that coveted the contents of their wagon. At times it was buffeted severely enough to scatter their household effects.

It was on the occasions of such upsets Mary Jane recalled, "Father would then crack his long whip, urging the oxen forward. When ascending the banks of the streams, the boys would place their shoulders to the wheels of the wagon and eventually

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everyone would land on the bank above."

With the onset of evening on the trail, Mr. Gossett would hobble the oxen to graze while Mrs. Gossett prepared a meal over the campfire. Afterwards, with the dark fingers of night stretching towards their fire, the children lay down beneath the stars to wait for sleep, the magic circle cast by the blaze keeping at bay the terrors of the wilderness.

Arriving at the site of their new home in April 1855, the Gossetts resumed housekeeping in a crude cabin with simple, homemade furniture. While the men of the family fished, hunted, tanned hides, and rode after cattle, the women cooked, swept the dirt floor with a broom made of broomweed, and made clothing for the family. School was possible only a few weeks each year and sometimes had to be held under a tree.

Mary Jane followed more practical pursuits, learning how to card wool and cotton, to spin and weave cloth, and to dye it with berry juice from the woods.

Twin scourges of the pioneer family were Indians and panthers, and Mary Jane's reminiscences of the frontier were filled with experiences of both of these hazards.

On one occasion Mr. Gossett was with a party of men that pursued a band of Indian raiders so closely they abandoned a white female captive by binding her to a horse's tail and driving the animal in a headlong gallop. A white child was found abandoned in a bed of giant cacti.

Young Mary Jane observed first hand the tragedy of white children carried away by Indians. One day her father and one of her brothers happened upon two such victims while trailing horses. A young white boy and girl, apparently successful in escaping their captors, were roaming the countryside naked and wild. They fled before the men until roped and tied. Taken to the shelter of the Gossett cabin, the pair made their home with the family for a time. With painfully slow progress toward civilization these youngsters learned to speak a little English and to dress like other people in buckskin and homespun. Finally they went to live in the household of a widower with a number of young children.

After about 18 months in the San Fernandea Mountain area the Gossetts moved again and built a house

Mary Jane Robinson strolls through a cornfield. Her early life consisted of a lot of moving and being constantly on the outlook for marauding Indian bands.

in McLennan County north of the present site of Wace. One evening while Mary Jane's brother John was away, she went to spend the night with her sister-in-law, who lived across the creek.

During the night the girls were awakened by the footsteps of an animal on the roof and felt sure it was a panther. Alert to the peril of easy access to the cabin provided by the wide chimney, the girls quickly placed a mattress in the fireplace and set fire to it. As clouds of smoke poured from the chimney, they were relieved to hear their fourfooted prowler leap from the roof.

Like most pioneer families, the Gossetts seldom lived long in one place, a frontier home being easily abandoned and almost as easily built in another location. The next year saw them on the move again. This time they settled in Erath County in the area of Stephenville, Texas. Here began a lifelong union with the family of colorful Baptist missionary preacher, Rev. William "Choctaw Bill" Robinson. Eventually, three of the Gossett offspring married Robinsons.

The first union between the two families took place sometime in 1858 or 1859 when Mary Jane's brother, Henry Gossett, married Julia Ann Robinson. Then in 1861 14-year old Mary Jane was married to Williamson Milburn Robinson in the front yard of the Gossett home. The groom's father performed the ceremony. Mrs. Robinson's recollection of her wedding day follows:

"When relatives and a few neighbors had gathered, I was called from a nearby creek where I was having a good time jumping from a high sandy bank."

Following the ceremony, the youthful bride accompanied her husband, her senior by some 10 years, to a cabin about 10 miles distant.

For months she did not see another woman, and she was constantly guarded by cowboys kept around the house for her protection. Mary Jane Robinson found her husband to be a man loved and respected by all who knew him, an honest and honorable man ready to help anyone who sought his aid, and a man who placed a high value on education for his children. During the years of their marriage he came to be the very cornerstone of her life.

Toward the fall of 1861 the newlyweds, along with the Gossetts and the elder Robinson's family, moved west to Coleman County on the extreme frontier of Texas. Mary Jane made the journey on horseback, driving a herd of hogs before her, to their new home in an area of scattered ranches and Indians. She visited her nearest neighbor—five miles away—only once during her residence there. Thousands of cattle grazed the unfenced range land of ColemanCounty, and Mrs. Robinson recalled that they "frequently stampeded and hurled themselves through bushes and over rocks and bluffs to be at last checked by pistol shots from the fast-riding cowboys."

When the soldiers in the area were withdrawn from Camp Colorado to fight in the Civil War, the frontier was left unprotected. For a year the Robinsons went to live within the safety of the fort, and there in Aug-

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The pioneer couple spent 63 happy years together. Even at the turn of the century they looked for new frontiers to help conquer.

ust, 1862, was born to 15-year old Mary Jane Robinson the first of 13 children.

Her next move was to a place on Horde's Creek five miles north of Santa Anna Mountain, where the second and third of the Robinsons' children were born.

The Comanche Indians were on the warpath and a scout was stationed on the mountain at all times to warn settlers. The family cows and dogs were the targets of nocturnal raids, and it was not unusual for Mrs. Robinson to wake and find arrows all over the yard. Once she helped pull seven arrows, some buried to the feather, from the cow she had milked the night before.

After a company of Texas Rangers under the command of Capt. Jack Wright was dispatched to the Coleman County frontier to quell the Indian raids, W. M. Robinson joined this company in pursuit of thieving bands of Indians. On one occasion the Rangers surprised some Indians before daybreak and forced them to abandon horses, blankets, and arrows. Robinson brought home to his wife a beautiful little mustang pony, to which she became deeply attached. It was later stolen by Indians and never seen again.

The Tonkawa Indians, defeated by the stronger tribes, moved into the settlement for protection and camped on Horde's Creek near the Ranger Camp. Braves often sat around Mrs. Robinson's hearth and waited for the bread baking in the iron oven. She was uneasy in their presence and resented their insistence that she raise the oven lid so they could test the hot, soft dough with their fingers to see if it was done. Recalling this phase of her life, Mary Jane Robinson declared, "They frightened me and I was often embarrassed and mortified on account of their crude manners and naked bodies."

Once during this period Mrs. Robinson found herself alone with her young son when she saw a number of braves approaching her cabin. All the men were some distance away working on a corral, so she grabbed the boy and took refuge under the bed while the Indians rode by one by one and peered through the cracks in the door shutter. She was greatly relieved when they rode away muttering in their language words signifying "Nobody home."

Panthers scourged the settlement as frequently as Indians. On one occasion a panther raided the Robinsons' corral and killed a rooster and seven sheep. Another time Mrs. Robinson narrowly escaped a similar fate. She had just walked beneath the limb of a large elm tree while returning from the spring with water when a shot was fired from across the creek by a man hunting ducks. From the overhanging limb under which Mrs. Robinson had so recently passed, a long, lean panther tumbled to the ground dead.

Family ties being close, when Choctaw Bill Robinson relinquished his strenuous missionary activities along the frontier and moved to central Texas to retire, W. M. Robinson sold his cattle and followed his father to Comanche County. There Mary Jane continued to share in the relentless struggle of settlers versus Indians and wilderness. Her children walked to school along a path over which marauding Indians crossed and killed a boy nearby. She kept the homefires burning while her husband joined in the pursuit of raiding parties. On one occasion he followed Indians to the Abilene country and fought in a battle near Buffalo Gap.

The Robinsons participated in the four-day search for Mary Frances Spraggins, a barefoot toddler who wandered from her family cabin into the brushy wilds and died before she could be located. A painful reminder this was to Mary Jane Robinson of her own anguished wait for a doctor to come across the miles and try in vain to save her infant son after he crawled into the open fireplace and burned his head before his five-year old sister could pull him away.

Mrs. Robinson was justly proud of the role her husband played over the years in the developing community of Comanche. He was the first man to operate a blacksmith shop in the town, and at one time he owned a general store, which he kept stocked by freighting supplies and goods from Fort Worth by wagon.

W. M. Robinson served both as County Commissioner and as County Judge. He hauled rock to build the original Comanche

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LADY VIOLA OF THE BRADSHAWS

(Continued from page 22)

had it much better when the narrow gauge—the Prescott & Eastern from the P & E Junction— was built to Mayer and on to Poland Junction in 1902, and later pushed through the Poland tunnel to Crowned King.

"Even so, the Bradshaws were rough enough when I staked my claims. The Snowdrift was and still is the best of them, ore assaying from $150 to $1,000 per ton in gold. But for 'single blanket jackass' miners, as Shorty Harris of Death Valley has dubbed us, the cost of producing gold today leaves very little profit to be made in it. Several of my claims looked mighty good until the gold began pinching out. So I quit mining and milled the ore I had on hand until three years ago, when I was nearing my 100-year-old birthday."

Viola's blue-gray eyes flashed with determination, her shoulders straightened. "I'd be up there now, if my friends would stop feeling it would be unsafe for me to be there alone. They worry because my nearest neighbor lives three miles from camp. I'm not afraid...God takes care of me or I would have passed on long ago. I've lived in tents and tin shacks. A tin shack is little protection against heat and cold, or men intent on harming one. But I was never afraid, never lonely. I always had my pets—dog, cats and burros—for good company.

"Sugar and Toyie kept the camp rid of pesky rodents and poisonous snakes. They always went on prospecting trips with me. When they tired of walking and hunting, they just hopped into the pockets I'd made for them and fastened to both sides of the burro, and rode a while.

"Nickle was the smartest dog I ever had; a fine hunter! Anything he killed, such as rabbits and squirrels, he brought to me. Often that helped out in a food pinch. It was funny how I got Nickle. One day I took a twenty mile hike down the creek south of the Ora Bell mine, where placer miners were thick as flees. One of the fellows was named Charlie O'Dear, and his dog had just had a litter of puppies. I fell in love with this little black and white one. Charlie, jestingly, said it would cost me a 'nickle." I paid him and carried that pup all the way back to camp in my old brown hat, and named him Nickle.

"He was as good as having a guard around camp! He took care of the chickens, the burro and me. If a stranger got too close to me, Nickle would have torn him apart—if I didn't call him off. There were plenty of claim jumpers and horse thieves still on the prowl up in the Bradshaws when I got there. In the old days, so many of them hung out at a certain place that it was named Horse Thief Basin. Anyway, on this particular day, a fellow ambled in at my camp and tried to steal one of my burros. He didn't succeed. Before you could say 'skat,' Nickle went after him, tore out the seat of the fellow's pants and he left running for dear life.

"Nickle watched over me at the mine, and learned to climb up and down a ladder as easy as a cat—to see if I were all right when I stayed in a shaft too long. I even taught him to carry messages. Nickle was a wonderful dog! He guarded me for more than ten years...then a fellow came along and shot him," Viola ended sadly.

Viola said her animals had almost human understanding, especially her burros. Snowball, the white jenny; Cactus; and Judge, the mouse-colored one. They were friendly, lovable little fellows that had carried her safely over hundreds of miles of rugged mountain and desert trails. "However," she added, "Judge, the one I rode most, did have a mind of his own, sometimes. He dearly loved grapevine leaves! In crossing a certain creek, draped overhead with them and just out of reach, Judge wouldn't budge until I, squatting precariously in the saddle, pulled them down and let him get a bellyful. Then he'd sigh and step down the trail at a brisker pace. Smart burro, that Judge! Otherwise, always safe and dependable, especially in crossing swollen streams we didn't have to swim. There, squatting on the saddle, I got across without a spill."

Animals, Viola said, had always been a vital part of her life, especially in camp. She loved them, and they loved and understood her. On long prospecting trips she never forgot their care and comfort. Always she took along plenty of food for Nickle, Sugar and Tepico, and oats or barley for the burros, which they ate from nose bags.

"I never left camp," she added, "without remedies for my animals—iodine for cuts and scratches, turpentine for a colicky burro. If an animal showed signs of colic, I rubbed turpentine on his navel and across the kidneys, then put a blanket across his back to keep him warm. This procedure stimulated the kidneys—a sure cure for colic.

"On this occasion, I was prospecting in the Bradshaws south, on the desert side, when a wild looking man tried to stop Judge. He didn't, though! Judge whirled and kicked that rascal so hard in the belly that he disappeared in a hurry."

Burros, born to wander, often sneak away when most needed. Or, if they are too heavily packed, they will lie down—which usually means packing has to be done all over again. Viola said she never had this trouble with her burros. If a crossing looked dangerous, or a trail too narrow for safety, her burros looked the situation over, stood pat and waited for her to unpack, then hurried through fast, waiting on the other side for her to repack and get going. "If one of them happened to slip and fall," she said with a smile, "I helped to heist him up by the tail, and usually got a nice burro 'Hee-haw' as a 'thank you' for it."

Weather conditions in any high mountain country can change rapidly. Viola Mae Rush has lived through all sorts of weather.

"Flash floods can happen in the mountains like they do on the desert," Viola explained, "and without warning. Streams rose fast and I sometimes got caught on the wrong side of them. One time I was returning from Prescott, 25 miles from camp, with supplies. I had to come over that rugged old Indian Trail through heavily forested country. Well, what could I do? I tied Judge to a tree, and I simply holed up safe and snug in the shelter of a big boulder all night. Next morning the creek was down. I went on to camp good as new.

"One flood I recalled," she continued, "happened in 1952. It was terrible! It rained and rained until that big dam at Walnut Grove gave way...and trees floated down streams like so many toothpicks. Then there was the fire of 1955, which just about destroyed everything. It was so destructive that it seemed nobody cared what happened to the other fellow.

At five and six thousand feet, the winters were bitter, too, especially in 1943 when I got caught short on grub—that taught me a lesson. I started raising a garden, also a flock of chickens for meat and eggs. I always got my deer in season, and with Nickle bringing in squirrels and rabbits, we fared pretty good in winter... which meant I didn't have to wade knee-deep in snow on an 18-mile jaunt, round-trip, for food."

"What about visitors?" I asked.

"Oh, I had them all. Lots of nuts straggling in, including the legendary wild men in tattered coyote skins, some of whom I strongly suspected were claim jumpers or outlaws. In those days you didn't ask questions, so I treated 'em all alike; fed 'em, kept a cot outside the door, if they wanted to rest up overnight, and sent 'em all away with food for the trail. For you could never know who that guest might be. However, when I suspected I was feeding a criminal, I kept my 38-Colt handy and let 'em know I could use it. That put the walking papers on a crook, and fast! But I never shot or harmed anybody.

"One incident stands out that happened when I was nearly a hundred years old—that still keeps me wondering. I was prospecting up on the mountain when a fellow wearing flashy Western clothes, rode up on a beautiful Palomino and carried on something awful about me being here!

"My Lord, Woman!" he yapped, sur-

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prised as if he'd found me with a poisoned arrow stuck in my back. 'What are *you* doing up here *alone?* You're lost!' I said I knew perfectly well where I was and what I was doing. It took time to convince him of it before he rode away... And you know, I never thought to ask his name, but I still believe he was a cowboy actor out here on vacation, who was lost on that mountain, himself.

"Oh," said Viola, "I almost forgot to mention one of my luckiest days! On the path to the Chick Sale back of camp, I kept stubbing my toe on a rock and I kept saying I'd dig it up. When I did, what do you think it was worth — the price of a brand new Plymouth car! The bottom of that piece of quartz was almost pure gold. I don't have to walk or ride burro-back all the time now — not where roads happen to be good enough for a car.

"Life in the old days was, of course, hard on both men and women, but we managed to have some good times anyway. Why, I thought nothing of going burro-back nine miles over to the Crowned King settlement for holiday and weekend gatherings: big dinner parties, dances with a six-piece orchestra playing for them, and special games for the men. Soldiers from Fort Whipple attended and did a lot of beer drinking, but they were a lot of fun. Women didn't drink then... we just danced and laughed at the men's shenannigans."

Viola Mae Rush, born in an era when women were supposed to be "delicate, sheltered creatures," is still a most remarkable woman. She has lived what most women of today would call a "hard life" — but not Viola — who has lived every hour of her 103 years to the fullest, and still has plans for the future.

"Why not plan?" she asked brightly "My health's still good. I've had only one accident that amounted to anything. That was three years ago when I was working on an engine up at the mine and it fell on my shoulder — it's all right now," she said convincingly, meaning her shoulder had successfully healed.

"As I look back, my life's been a full and happy one. Not only have I been blessed with good health, but I've had freedom to wander at will. Again I guess I'm sorta like Shorty Harris — I'll just keep on dreaming and chasing rainbows. Right now, regardless of my friends' warnings, I'm planning to get up to the Snowdrift as soon as that road's passable. But to keep my friends from worrying... I will find some responsible person to go with me," Viola ended comfortingly.

Today we owe a debt of gratitude to these brave and adventuresome women of the mining world; women who have become legends of the Old West, proving to all doubting Thomases that some women can mine successfully, even in rugged and isolated back-country. And they can even live successfully — like 103-year-old Viola Mae Rush! ●

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THE COUGAR

(Continued from page 15)

Photo: Roscoe LeGresley

Hounds stand behind a dead cougar sprawled across the hood of a jeep (above) with the Baldwins of Kooskia, Idaho surrounding it. Theodore Roosevelt (below) killed his first cougar while he was vice president.

it was *Katalgar*, "Greatest of the Wild Hunters."

In Lower California, the puma, called *chim blea*, was a Divine creature. The Stone Age Indians depended upon it for most of their food. When the Indians saw buzzards "making tracks in the sky" they knew that a puma had made a deer kill or some other kill; and they hurried to the spot to share the remains. This manner of living was so entrenched it took the Jesuit missionaries, who came to Baja California in the 17th century, many generations to change it.

The Jesuits brought in livestock—sheep goats, cattle, horses; and the pumas killed the livestock. But even when offered a domestic animal for each puma killed, the Indians refused with superstitious vehemence. One did not kill a creature that was thought to be a god.

Some of the other ancient Indian tribes of Central and South America also considered the puma "a friend of man." But not the cruel Incas who used pumas, jaguars, and bears in gigantic "sporting arenas" quite similar to ancient Rome. Prisoners, without weapons, were put into arenas with the animals.

Further north, our Southwest and Plains Indians held the cougar in high regard—and the warrior who had a cougar as a "guardian spirit" was considered fortunate. When an Apache or a Hualpais heard the wail or scream of a cougar, he said, "Death will visit our camp." And the dried paw of a cougar might be held over an ill person to drive away the evil spirits. Puma gall was given patients to resist disease and obsessing spirits.

The giant cats, ranging from present-day British Columbia to Patagonia in South America, figured in Indian culture in other ways, too. The hides were used for clothing, moccasins, for blankets and robes for persons and horses; and the teeth and claws were often made into ornaments.

While the pioneers made use of cougar skins, they looked upon the big cats with distrust and hatred—they were varmints that had to be destroyed before they killed humans or valuable livestock.

Around 1890, one pioneer Washington rancher, W.A. Perry, wrote: "Sometimes, when the hunter is stalking a Deer...he is startled by a fiendish cry—a cry so unearthly and so weird that even the man of stoutest heart will start in affright; a cry that can be likened to a scream of demoniac laughter."

Throughout its history, and even today, the scream of the cougar has been controversial. In that connection there is the story of a family who lived on Sutter's Creek in California in 1878. The man of the family was off working about a mile from the house. The mother and the children were eating their noon meal when a wild screaming interrupted them. Thinking it was a neighbor woman screaming for help, they rushed outside. On a nearby hillside was a cougar—and it continued to wail in a way that "made the hair stand up on one's neck."

The father, hearing the screams, too, ran to the house, thinking his wife was in danger. Still screaming, the cougar disappeared in the forest.

Only a fanciful bit of folklore? No, it is likely a basically true tale for hundreds of people have reported hearing cougars scream—and many of the reports are by respected naturalists and seasoned woodsmen. Roosevelt believed that the cougar would scream on occasion, especially during the mating season. Yet, Cougar Dave Lewis of Idaho, who killed a thousand or more cougars in his lifetime, swore that the big cats never scream.

Cougar lore is filled with accounts of fatal and non-fatal attacks on humans. In the early periods of our history, no doubt there were more such attacks, but fatal attacks which can be proved without a doubt are rare. Typical of a non-fatal attack was the one on a seaman by the name of Joseph Jorgenson on the Sumas River in Washington in the late 1870's. Joe had renounced the roaming life of a sailor and homesteaded a piece of land.

He was clearing a spot for his cabin when a cougar pounced onto his shoulders. Joe Jorgenson spent several grim minutes fighting for his life. Eventually, near death from bleeding claw and fang wounds, he killed the cat with his shovel. He was weeks recovering and then he decided that the sea was a much safer place to be!

As the buffalo and other big game were slaughtered in the West, the war between the predators and the stockmen became

a fierce, grim thing. With its natural food, the buffalo, gone, the wolf turned on domestic stock. A breed of latter-day Mountain Men came into being—the Wolfers, Lobo Hunters, Bounty Hunters or Predator Hunters, as they were called.

Second on the list again was the cougar in certain areas; in others it was the wolf's smaller cousin, the coyote. Traps, rifles, poison, dogs, all were used in the Great Predator Wars. Even in such National Parks as Yellowstone, the predators were cleaned out, and one of the major hunters was John Goff, Roosevelt's old hunting companion.

The Federal government stepped into the picture in 1914 with its Branch of Predator and Rodent control—and within ten years most of the wolves were wiped out. The wily coyotes learned how to live with and around men and thrived; and the cougar moved back into the wilderness country. But it was not safe here either because stockmen wanted to use the grazing lands in public domain.

Cougar Dave Lewis, Buffalo Jones, Uncle Jim Owens, Ben Lilly, men who longed for the Frontier that had passed,

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followed the cougars and other predators.

Sheepmen and horse raisers suffered the worst from the marauding big cats. One cougar might kill a dozen, fifty, or even more sheep in one night. Such lust-killing was not frequent, and perhaps not one cougar out of a dozen or more would do it, but the actions of an "outlaw" condemned the entire cougar clan.

Other cougars developed a fondness for horseflesh—and especially for colts. Often the big cats went to great lengths to get a colt. A Utah sheepman related an experience he and his brother had had in 1888. A mare and her colt had been tied to a wagon some 200 feet from the sheep camp. The boys heard agonized shrieks and squeals from the mare. Taking rifles, they rushed out, but it was too late to save the colt. The cougar was dragging it away.

A Federal hunter in New Mexico had an equally weird experience. He and his dogs had been trailing a big cougar for hours. Finally the terrain became too rugged for the horse, so the hunter dismounted, tied his horse, and followed the dogs on foot. By nightfall, the dogs had lost the cat's trail, and the hunter decided to stay overnight in an abandoned cabin he came upon.

The next morning when he returned for his horse, he found the animal dead, the victim of a cougar. The tracks the hunter examined convinced him that it was the same cat his dogs had been trailing.

Still an object of chilling legends, the cougar's trails have dimmed year by year. Outside of Mexico and British Columbia, the major cougar population is concentrated in the wilderness haunts of a half dozen western states.

Only in the past ten years have the majority of western states stopped paying bounties on the big cats. At present only Arizona pays a state bounty, although there are county bounties in California, Oregon, and Texas. Stockmen's organizations occasionally pay bounties as well. Most of the control of trouble-making cougars today is done by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's Division of Wildlife Services, formerly the Branch of Predator and Rodent Control.

Theodore Roosevelt said of the cougar, "It's a fine game animal." And more and more sportsmen are agreeing with him as cougar hunting increases in the West. Both Colorado and Nevada now classify the cougar as a game animal, and other western states are likely to follow suit.

Biologists and naturalists have long pointed out the benefits of the big cats in wilderness country where exploding deer and elk herds are causing problems. In such country, the majestic big cats have a great value.

The big cats made tracks across frontier history—and we can hope they will continue to make tracks in the wilderness places. ●

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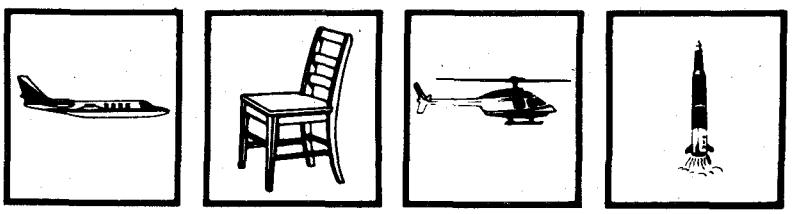

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KING OF THE GOLDEN FEATHER

(Continued from page 25)

When the McLaughlins arrived in Oroville they rented a fine, spacious house and began to live lavishly. Frank rented an empty store and hung out a huge sign proclaiming it the office of the "Edison Ore Mining Company," with himself as its manager. Though he presented a fine front, and painted in glowing words the future of the company, there was one flaw. There had never been any platinum in the Feather River.

After he had spent over a half million dollars with not an ounce of platinum to show for it, Edison called a halt. Though the "Edison Ore Mining Company" went into bankruptcy, its manager, McLaughlin, somehow retained the deeds to some very good property, all tidily and legally in his name.

He eventually organized his holdings into what he called The Spring Valley Corporation. Once established on his own, he began to shrewdly buy, sell, and trade real estate. In a short time he emerged with the richest lands on the Feather River.

The next step he took was to organize a stock company. His persuasive manner induced the stockholders to make him its manager at an extremely fine salary and a percentage of the stock issued. Accomplishing this, McLaughlin withdrew his money from the uncertain business. Thus at no risk to his financial status, he grew wealthy in a few years.

All in all Frank McLaughlin was a cunning manipulator and a few contemporaries in the heat of anger called him a crook. Those who did were usually not long in regretting such outbursts. William Proseus, who publicly labeled the major a crook, lost his huge fortune when the bank unexpectedly demanded payment on all his notes. Wealthy George Cummings told some friends that the major was little more than a thief. Scarcely a week had passed before Cummings unexpectedly and unannounced left Oroville. He never returned.

It soon became a habit of Major McLaughlin to stroll the banks of the Feather River in the evenings. As he walked he mentally calculated the worth of the gold from the sand and the river banks. This gold could only be a small portion of that which must be lying in the bed of the river, he reasoned.

Many hours of planning and speculation gave him the plan to accomplish his objective of mining the bottom of the Feather River. His plan was to build a rock and concrete wall for two miles down the center of the river to divert the water from half the stream bed so that it could be mined. Now that he knew what he wanted to do, and how to do it, all he needed were a few trusting souls with enough funds to finance the project.

One morning in 1888, the major disappeared from Oroville only to reappear in Liverpool, England. The wily McLaughlin had gone to where the capital was. He knew that a fantastic amount of the mining industry in California was financed by the English. Tales of the fabulous gold fields of Northern California were told and retold by the Englishmen, and he knew that if he could convince them that he could make them even more wealthy, they would finance his project without hesitation.

He skillfully made an opportunity to talk to a gathering of the more loaded Britishers and sold them on his idea to mine the riches of the Feather River. McLaughlin told a fascinating tale of all that gold just lying there under a mere few feet of water. Why, it could be reached with such ease, he insisted, that only a few dollars would be needed to hire the workmen and purchase the necessary equipment.

Bat Masterson gave McLaughlin a job as special deputy when he was in Dodge City. He lasted several months.

The British, already amazed at the gold that they and their friends had received from their California investments, hastily put up large amounts of money in order not to be left out of this golden opportunity. They assured him of any amount of funds he needed to complete his project.

Once he had returned to Oroville, the major began to formulate elaborate plans to glean the gold from the river bed. He talked about it in the bars, restaurants, hotels, and on the streets to anyone who would listen. Had he but noticed he would have seen the sly looks and grins that passed amongst the old-timers, but he was far too engrossed in his plans.

Strange as it seems, Thomas A. Edison asked to be allowed to invest in the scheme and the major agreed. Dr. James Pearce, whose "Golden Medical Discovery" netted him a comfortable fortune, also invested heavily.

Confident and already visualizing his wealth, McLaughlin began operations in 1892. George Matthews, his mine foreman, hired several hundred men at top wages. The major's blueprints called for a large dam, a deep flume, and a great rock wall two miles long. He dubbed the project "The Golden Feather" and proudly proclaimed that it would be the greatest mining project ever known.

Soon a thousand men labored on the wall. Huge rocks were blasted from the canyon walls and used as building materials. Through 1892 and 1893 they labored and sweated as their efforts began to take shape. Many observers were heard to remark that it resembled the Great Wall of China. McLaughlin ran the project himself and worked harder than any of his men. They quickly discovered that he was boss and a tough customer, ready to back up his orders with rock hard fists or a steady six-gun. Strong, and tough as rawhide themselves, they built his rock wall with nothing but iron determination and sheer muscle power.

In 1894, Thomas Edison, still the major's friend, built and installed electric lights so that the men could work through the hours of darkness. (It was the first construction job ever to be lighted by electricity). The "Golden Feather" became famous as newspapers and magazines printed thousands of words about Major Frank McLaughlin's operation. Engineers, scientists, and the curious, from all over the world, came to see and discuss this fantastic project.

McLaughlin's men built themselves a town, complete with numerous saloons, at the head of Morris Ravine. More men were hired, the labor continued, the months slipped away; 1894 and 1895 passed, and the great, long-awaited day was on hand in the summer of 1896.

The entire countryside was caught up in the excitement. Oroville businessmen closed as the whole town rushed to the river. McLaughlin was elated as he watched great waves of water roar through the flume and into the bypass beyond the stone wall. In a few hours the riverbed was exposed.

Workmen began to poke around in the sand and look at one another in astonishment as they found the remains of old wheelbarrows, buckets, picks, shovels, and rotted timbers. As the major looked on in surprise and wonder, the old-timers began laughing and gleefully stamping about.

These old miners, nearly fifty years before, had built a crude, wooden flume. With it they had been able to divert a part of the Feather. Working carefully they had gleaned the gold from the sands. After a few years, a winter flood had

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washed out their flimsy flume. As they had already mined most of the gold, they didn't bother to rebuild.

Through the years of McLaughlin's back-breaking labors these same old miners had watched and waited mutely. After all, that "smart alecky greenhorn" hadn't asked their opinion, and they had the last laugh at the end.

There was several million in gold still deep in the river bed, but so deep in rock that it would have to be mined. However, the English investors had already put $12,000,000 into the project and there was nowhere near that amount in gold left in the stream bed. Reluctantly, they agreed that the best thing they could do was to forget about it and try to absorb their losses elsewhere.

The only man who did not lose his shirt in the venture was Major Frank McLaughlin. Ironically, he did not own one single share of corporation stock. He wasn't a stockholder, but had only acted as manager through the years, drawing a fantastic salary all the while!

The Britishers were irate and quite unhappy over the whole affair, and carried their grievances to the Queen. (Queen Victoria.) She turned the matter over to Scotland Yard and asked that they send a man to Oroville to investigate McLaughlin, which they did.

After a while the investigation began to irritate the major. In plain language he told the investigator that any place other than Oroville would be healthier and happier for him. The Scotland Yard man departed and no more was heard from England!

Still, the rumors and gossip persisted that McLaughlin had grown rich at the expense of the company he had represented. To further complicate matters a mining company revealed that part of the "Golden Feather" was built on their property. Angered, the major put a half-ton of dynamite under the dam and a like amount under the flume. Lighting the fuses, he stood, a tight smile on his handsome face, and watched his labor of years disappear in a tremendous blast.

After destroying the "Golden Feather," McLaughlin moved to Santa Cruz, where he built a mansion, Golden Gate Villa, (now Monte Carlo) in 1889. This structure was quite elegant and still stands. Its most unusual feature is the elephant hide walls of the dining room.

The major took an interest in politics and soon became the leader of the Republican Party. Though he had had no wish to become a political personality, he enjoyed the game of politics. In the campaign of 1898, which carried the state for President McKinley and elected Henry T. Gage Governor of California, McLaughlin was Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, and his influence gave the state to the Republicans.

On November 17, 1905, his beloved wife died and the major was never the same again. Agnes, his step-daughter, had never married, so the two of them lived all alone in the huge mansion. Though the attractive woman had many suitors, she rejected them one and all, preferring to remain and care for her father in his last years.

A great many thoughts began to weigh on the major's mind; his bad judgment on the Feather River, the death of his wife, and the fast changing West. It appeared there was no place for him in the new West.

About this time financial disaster also overtook him. His last venture was an electric power enterprise on the Pitt River. The crash of the New York market ruined the project, and it ruined McLaughlin.

Poverty now threatened the old age of the man who had made fortunes—easily—and lost them. He was unable to raise any more money on the mansion he occupied on the aristocratic heights, and he was deeply in debt. His own and Agnes' jewels had already been pawned. Only his wife's wedding ring and diamond solitaire were left.

Finally, McLaughlin decided that he had reached the end and must take his own life. He feared poverty and preferred death, and rather than let Agnes face the world without him he calmly decided—taking the most awful responsibility—to take her with him.

On November 17, 1907, exactly two years after his wife's death, McLaughlin climbed the stairs to his daughter's room, pistol in hand. The woman had just returned from church where she had offered an early mass for her mother.

While she lay sleeping, McLaughlin walked to her side and shot her through the head. Sadly turning away he went downstairs to write letters of explanation to his friends. Several days before he had made arrangements for a double funeral for himself and Agnes; and for the removal of his wife's body from the receiving vault where he had allowed it to remain, probably in waiting for this day. Instructions had been written for the undertaker to send all three bodies to the home of his daughter's aunt, in Newark, New Jersey.

His final affairs in order, McLaughlin called his old friend, William Jeter, former lieutenant governor of the state.

"Jeter," he spoke without emotion, "come up at once. I have just killed Agnes, and I am going to take poison!"

The major mixed himself a drink liberally laced with cyanide of potassium. In the luxurious library and drawing room overlooking the sea, he sat down in his huge chair and drained the contents. Quiet reigned over the mansion.

The "King of the Golden Feather" was dead. ●

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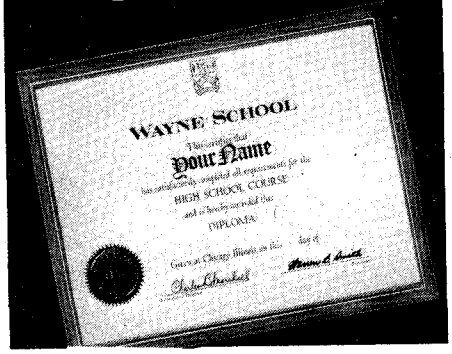

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BUCKSKIN ENJOY TO WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 19)

of their course before turning east again, in order to avoid possible pursuers.

Without further adventures, and by dint of almost constant travel, the party arrived safely at St. Joseph, Missouri. They had been on the trail a little over two months since leaving the Willamette Valley in Oregon.

As Meek approached the settlements he knew he would soon be thrown into the company of the highest official grade, and be subjected to ordeals he dreaded far more than Indian fighting, or even traveling by foot across the snow covered continent. The problem of how he was to behave in these new and trying situations frequently occurred to him and finally he arrived at the conclusion that the best way to behave in these new situations was just to be himself, a role which he knew how to play to perfection.

In fact, it would have been rather difficult if not impossible to put on fine gentlemanly airs in that old buckskin suit with not a dollar on his person. On the contrary, it needed just Meek's devil-may-care temperament to carry him through the remainder of his journey

When the weary little party arrived in St. Joe they went to a hotel where Meek requested that a meal should be served for all, but frankly confessing that they had no money to pay for such. The manager declined to serve these guests in the required style—upon such terms. The travelers were thus forced to go into camp below the town.

Meek now thought of his letters of introduction. It chanced that he had one from two young men among the Oregon volunteers to their father who lived in this city. Meek soon found a good-natured Negro who knew the father and agreed to deliver the letter from his sons. In a short space of time the man presented himself to them, and learning of the situation of the party, he soon provided generously for their wants, which mainly consisted of getting something to eat!

Some of the group elected to stay in St. Joe while the rest were escorted to Independence in the carriage of their newly found friend.

While Meek was stopping at Independence he was recognized by a sister whom he had not seen in nineteen years. He gave himself no time for family gossip and reunion, as his delicate envoy mission precluded tarrying. So with only a few words, the brother and sister said goodbye again. A steamboat was just about ready to start to St. Louis, so Meek went on board where he introduced himself to the captain who secured for him every privilege the boat offered.

When the steamer arrived in St. Louis he was met at the landing by a Rocky Mountain trader by the name of Campbell who provided him with a place to stay that night, as well as an evening's entertainment. After learning of Meek's mission, and about the situation in Oregon, Campbell gave the story to the papers. This more than anything else brought Meek to the attention of the public, and he awoke the next morning to find himself famous!

Meek had telegraphed to Washington and had received the President's order to come ahead, so he hurried to the levee the next morning to secure passage upriver.

There were two steamers lying side-by-side, both up for Pittsburgh, with runners for each striving to outdo each other in securing passengers. The moneyless envoy had an inspired thought on how he would earn his passage. Boarding the steamer, he mounted the hurricane deck and began to call to the crowd on the levee. With his clear, carrying voice and his unusual appearance he soon attracted a large gathering. He told them who he was, and that if they would ride on this boat he would tell them about the Indian troubles in Oregon. Many persons crowded aboard, and when the captain approached him to ask if he really was Joe Meek he produced his papers as proof. The captain told him gratefully he was welcome aboard, having earned his passage with this display which was much more effective than any runner's efforts to do the same.

On the morning of his arrival in Wheeling it happened that the stage which carried passengers to Cumberland, (where they took the train for Washington), had already departed. The rough looking Meek resolved not to be delayed by such a trivial detail and walked boldly into the stage office where he inquired if a stage for Cumberland could be secured for him. The dignified gentleman who looked over his glasses at this huge unkempt speaker demanded to know who he was. To this request Meek replied: "I am Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Oregon to the Court of the United States." Upon seeing the official papers the manager ordered a stage to be placed at his disposal.

The ticket agent gave him a ticket to Relay House with apologies that he could not ticket him farther. Some other passengers also were waiting, so they boarded along with Meek. As they were departing, Joe Meek put his head out of the window and let out a war whoop that would have done credit to a wild Comanche. Whereupon the startled horses and driver left town at breakneck speed.

At Cumberland he boarded the train with his ticket which would take him as far as the Relay House. By the time he had reached that place many curious onlookers had gathered around him to listen to his adventures of the far West.

Pegleg Smith, a mountain man friend of Meek's, butchered a cow so Meek and his men would have a good meal.

Past the Relay House the conductor asked Meek for his ticket to which request he answered in Indian language. The conductor repeated his request but again he was answered in a guttural Indian jargon accompanied by many hand gestures. By this time the conductor suspected that he was being made the butt of a joke. Later, one of the passengers explained to him who the extraordinary passenger was, so Meek again had a free ride into the capital.

As the train pulled into the station Meek must have had a second look at himself, a soul-searching inspection of his appearance. But then he remembered his mission, and reassured himself by remarking, "Joe Meek I must remain," even though he was clothed in buckskin topped with a wolf-skin cap, and over his huge shoulders hung a ragged Hudson's Bay Company blanket.

On arriving at the station he soon discovered that Coleman's was the best hotel in town, and it was to this place he immediately went. It was the dinner hour, so he made his way into the dining room. He was the recipient of many stares as he was seated at a table where the bill of fare was laid before him. Turning to the colored waiter who placed it there he asked him what they had to eat. The waiter read off some items and said they had big game and small game; Meek asked him to bring a portion of antelope. The startled waiter did not know what that was, so Meek told him that in his country big game was bear and buffalo while small game was deer and antelope. However, he settled for roast beef, about which he remarked as he finished it that it was better than the old mule he had eaten in the Rocky Mountains.

The dinner crowd was taking in this unusual show, to the delight of the colored waiter, who by now was in his glory as he

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served this man from out West.

After his meal he arose to announce that he was: "Joe Meek, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Republic of Oregon to the Court of the United States." After that announcement he turned and retired from the room.

He had not proceeded far, however, before he was overtaken by a party of gentlemen headed by Senator Underwood of Kentucky. The dispatch from St. Louis had prepared the President and the Senate for Meek's appearance in Washington, though it had not advised them of his style of dress and manners.

Underwood asked him if he did not wish to change clothes before he proceeded on his way to the White House, to which Meek replied business first... He told them he could not dress for two reasons, both good ones, as he did not have a cent of money nor a second suit of clothes. Senator Underwood offered to let him have some money but he declined the offer. Then he climbed into the coach that was to take him to see the President.

He was admitted to the Presidential mansion by a mulatto of about his own age, with whom he remembered playing when a lad, for the Meeks and Polks were related, and this servant had grown up in the family. He was directed to the office of private Secretary Knox Walker, also a relative of Meek's on his mother's side of the family. (It was an enormous family).

A number of people were waiting to see the President but Meek simply said that he would like to see the President as he was from Oregon on very important business.

"Uncle Joe!" exclaimed Walker as he came forward to greet his long-lost relative. Meek advised him not to get too close as he might get dirty...

Walker seized his cousin's hand without seeming to fear the consequences and after a few minutes of animated personal exchanges Meek repeated his request to see President Polk.

Soon he was ushered in to see the head of the nation. The President grasped his hand and welcomed him in his own name as well as the envoy from the long neglected Oregon country. The interview lasted for a couple of hours as Oregon affairs and family affairs both were talked over. The President promised to do all he could about Oregon's needs. He also invited Meek, with true southern hospitality, to make himself at home in the Presidential mansion.

Meek accepted the President's offer and made himself at home in Washington, where he became a familiar figure at many parties and public places as he awaited action by Congress on a bill to admit Oregon as a territory. The President furnished Meek with money which he spent recklessly and as quickly as he could by giving champagne parties to a host of new-found friends.

To Meek, even though he was busy with the party life of Washington, it must have been frustrating to wait for some decision and action by the government. Weeks turned into months, and finally on August 14, 1848, at the very end of the Congressional session, the territorial bill passed.

President Polk appointed General Joseph Lane of Indiana as Governor and *Joseph Meek as United States Marshal.*

Lane and Meek immediately left for Oregon by way of St. Louis and Leavenworth where, on September 10th, they had an escort of 25 riflemen, officers, and teamsters, making a total of 55 in their party.

They took the southern route from Fort Leavenworth in order to avoid the snows of the northern winter. Their route was to Santa Fe, El Paso, Tucson, down the Gila River to the Colorado, then north-westerly to San Pedro on the California coast. It was a rough and exhausting journey, beset with many hardships. They abandoned their wagons at Santa Fe, as many of their animals had died of thirst. Rumors of gold and silver all along their route caused the escort to dwindle, by desertion, down to three officers by the time they reached California.

In the middle of January the little party, which had started out so gaily from Fort Leavenworth, arrived weary, dusty, footsore, famished and suffering at William's Ranch near San Pedro where their wants were ministered to.

In the last stages of the journey the officials of the Oregon Government walked, as the surviving animals needed their strength to pack the baggage.

They boarded a ship in San Pedro headed for San Francisco, where they transferred to a small vessel on its way to the Columbia River. They arrived at Oregon City on March 2, 1849, lacking two days of being ten months from the time Meek had set out on his mission to Washington.

He immediately introduced Governor Lane to Provisional Governor Abernethy, whose office expired as Lane and Meek were sworn into their new offices.

Marshal Meek, with his fine appearance and forceful manner, served his appointed office proficiently. One of his duties was to supervise the hanging of the five Cayuse chiefs who had been turned over to the government for their part in the Whitman Massacre.

On June 3, 1850, before a large throng in Oregon City, Meek placed the five prisoners on the drop and sprang the trap to terminate a tragic chapter in Oregon's history.

Meek held his office until the Indian War of 1855-56 when he volunteered for service in the army. His career was filled with one adventure after another but none was more important than that as "Envoy Extraordinary from the Republic of Oregon to the Court at Washington." ●

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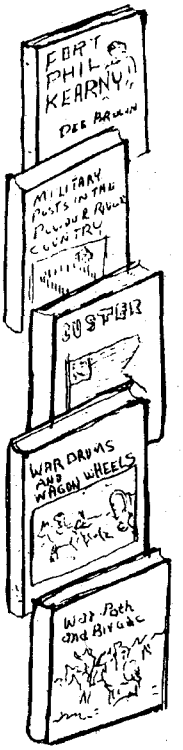

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DID THEY GET THE SAN JUAN KILLER?

(Continued from page 13)

President Ulysses S. Grant signed the extradition order allowing Canadian officials to claim Joe.

tried by his peers in Washington Territory.

When at last the extradition order, signed by President Ulysses S. Grant, was accepted by B.C. authorities, Joe was surrendered to Sheriff Billings. Upon boarding the steamer, the befuddled youth "seemed as happy as though he were starting on a wedding tour, or was about to visit a circus, instead of upon the journey which ends in eternity.

"When accosted, he grinned; and when told by someone that he was an object of pity, he laughed outright. As the boat moved off he strained his eyes to catch a last glimpse of a friend on the wharf, nodded, grinned again, and then sat down apparently perfectly happy."

The trial was brief, Joe still confessing happily. He and Charley, he said, had murdered the Dwyers to rob them. For the atrocity they had gained two watches and fourteen dollars.

In an extraordinary last interview, the confused youth answered the questions of Sheriff J. H. Boyce and a *Colonist* reporter.

Reporter; "Joe, do you know you are going to die tomorrow?"

Joe: "Oh, yes, I know all that now. I am glad of it. I would sooner be dead than live in jail here."

Reporter: "Do you believe in God, and heaven?"

Joe: "Yes, I believe in God and heaven. I am glad of going soon. I expect to see Fuller (he had earlier confessed to having murdered this English settler in 1872 for smashing a friend's quail traps), and Dwyer and all (had there been others?) there."

Reporter: "Have you ever been to school?"

Joe: "Yes, my father and mother sent me to school; but I did not care for it much. I wish you would see my father and mother and half-sister, and tell them I am gone now, goodbye. They live in Victoria."

Reporter: "Are you not sorry for killing Fuller and Dwyer?"

Joe: "Yes, I am sorry; but I am glad I am 'gone' now. If I lived I might kill some more. But the Indians made me do it all."

Sheriff Boyce: "Don't you think it too bad that you should be hung and the others go clear? If they are guilty?"

Joe: "Yes, I think so; but when my people know I am dead I think they will catch the Indians and shoot them."

Boyce: "Will you be afraid tomorrow, Joe? I must hang you."

Joe: "Oh, no. I hope you won't be afraid. I want to die quick. I ask you for a favor now. I hope you won't put irons on me going down to the place; I will go with you and do anything you ask me. I hope you won't put irons on me... I am not afraid to die. I don't want to be tied."

Boyce: "All right, Joe, be a good boy and I will treat you as well as I can."

Reporter: "Have you any more to say, Joe?"

Joe: "Well, I have no more now. When you go to Victoria, if you see my people, tell them Joe says goodbye. I am glad you are going over; I was afraid I would have no chance to tell my father and mother I am gone."

Sheriff Boyce: "Joe, did you make a confession before like this one?"

Joe: "I made a confession in Victoria to ..... (here the *Colonist* omitted San Juan Islander Charles McCoy's name), but he first scared me into it, then promised to do everything for me. I wish I could see him hanging with me. I would be very glad!"

On the morning of March 6, 1874, Joe mounted the gallows at Port Townsend. To a crowd of 200, he said, "I am very sorry for what I have done; all hands, goodbye," then waved his cap. His arms were pinioned but his hands, as he had requested, were not bound.

For a moment, the pathetic figure lost composure, then, with a supreme effort, calmed himself. Seconds later, the trap was sprung. But, "the rope, being a large new one, the knot did not slip easily but slipped under the chin, leaving the strain on the back of the neck. Consequently, the neck was not broken and for a few minutes the clenching hands and convulsions of the body showed that he had suffered terribly.

Twenty minutes later, Dr. Bingham pronounced him dead. ●

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JIM BECKWOURTH

(Continued from page 23)

speaks truth, it is great honor to count coup on 'Grandfather' and hear the tale told in long winters to come." He turned his copper face to Medicine Calf. "Although he is not of our birth, the great Medicine Calf is truly our brother. He leads us in battle, he leads us in the hunt; he among us spoke first, and his words asked permission to pursue 'Grandfather;' I do not seek to steal his glory! Medicine Calf, I give my consent." And turning, he inquired, "Do my brothers?"

All faces were relieved. "Hoh, Medicine Calf, Hoh." There was silence and all attention was focused on the great dark warrior who grinned inwardly, knowing his own scheme had placed him in a position of no retreat.

"It is with great honor I hear your words," he said, and he dropped to the ground and studied the bloody trail into the cave with a new interest. So much lost blood might have left 'Grandfather' in a weakened state, thereby the onslaught would be less terrible.

Knowing time was to his advantage Medicine Calf slowly removed his garments and recounted many acts of bravery until he had exhausted considerable time. Then he wrapped a blanket around his left arm, and grasping his knife, he stealthily entered the cave. Soon a terrible din of battle filled the cave and was stilled when Medicine Calf found the great heart with his knife. The huge bear moaned and bawled and died and then there was quiet. Medicine Calf was claw-raked, bloody, and weary with fatigue, yet he kneeled over the bear and spoke softly into the large ear.

"I respect you, 'Grandfather.' You are a great warrior. I am sorry to kill you, but we need your meat for winter. I will wear your skin, we will dance your glory. Now sleep well, oh 'Grandfather'."

The Indian mind had spoken. Emerging from the cave he stated simply, "Medicine Calf has defeated our 'Grandfather'."

This was Medicine Calf, Enemy of Horses, Bloody Arm, sub-chief of the Crow Indians. This also was thirty-year-old James P. Beckwourth, a famous American Negro explorer who entrenched himself in the life of the western frontier. He became known and respected as one of the best, as a scout and plainsman of the nineteenth century.

During the first ten years on the frontier he was schooled by experience as a member of various trapping and trading excursions for the famous Sublette. For three or four years he was a constant companion of the noted American scout Jim Bridger, and they remained friends for life.

Jim Beckwourth lived among the Indians for several years and achieved greatness and fame in their midst. He was

(Continued on page 52)

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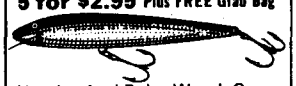

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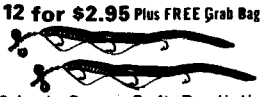

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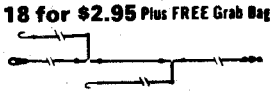

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GREAT NEGRO FRONTIERSMAN

(Continued from page 51)

shrewd, and allowed no opportunity to enlarge on his exploits to pass. His oratory kept the Crows in constant reminder that he, Medicine Calf, Enemy of Horses, was a valuable asset to the tribe. During these years times were good to the Crows. Horse thieving raids were successful, skirmishes with the hated Blackfeet left them victorious.

Beckwourth was also a marrying man, known to have had eight wives during his life, some on the frontier and others in more civilized areas. He spoke often of two sons among the Crows, 'Black Panther' and another he referred to as 'Little Jim.'

The great reputation he held as a trapper and scout pulled him away from his Crow friends. Again, now, he toured the West, shoulder to shoulder at intervals with Jim Bridge, Kit Carson, Jedediah Smith and other noted men of the frontier. For a dozen years—and often as an army scout—he trapped and traded and fought his way through the west, the southwest and to the Pacific Ocean.

Crow Indian Sun Dance—Jim was a chief in this tribe.

An interesting period of his life was during the early gold mining days of California. Beckwourth established a cabin and later a ranch in Sierra Valley, California. While he had a fleeting interest in finding gold, his greatest love was for hunting and exploring. Up and down the Sierra Nevada range he roved, checking each stream and valley. He drifted south a hundred miles and crossed the mountains, roaming the lengths of the great California Valleys. Eventually he found the mining community of Bidwells Bar and spent much time in this area.

At Bidwells Bar his keen sense of direction and geography told him he was immediately westward and below his Sierra Valley ranch. Upon returning to Sierra Valley from a southern route he explored the area to the west, seeking and finding a pass (Beckwourth Pass) he believed could be developed into a route thru the mountains, saving many miles and hazards for westbound wagon trains.

Upon discussing the plan of a new Northern Route with an American Valley rancher, Mr. Turner, he was encouraged to do so, and planned for a toll road. Beckwourth the businessman!

Mr. Turner's enthusiasm caused him to help Beckwourth to draw up a subscription list which he headed with a $200 participation.

Full of enthusiasm, Jim Beckwourth moved westward thru his pass and emerged at Bidwells Bar. This was the spring of 1850, and excitement about the gold craze was at its peak.

Miners and citizens of the area applauded loudly when Beckwourth told his plan of a new route. The Bidwells Bar Management added several hundred dollars to the fund.

In Marysville, also, his plan was met with enthusiasm, and rightly so, for this city would benefit far more than any other if all westward traffic arrived in Marysville at the end of the road.

The city Mayor, Dr. S.M. Miles, and the city counsel met with Beckwourth and agreed verbally to pay for such a route if he would build it. An amount of $10,000 was mentioned.

Although hesitant to do so without a written contract, Beckwourth received added assurance from the Mayor concerning reimbursement. So, using his own funds ($1600) and the subscriptions, he built the road and opened up the pass. It was ready for travel in the spring of 1851, so he traveled to Truckee to lead a wagon train northward to his ranch, then westward through his pass. A wagon train of seventeen vehicles followed Jim down his pass and safely to Marysville. There was wild rejoicing!

A new northern route was established and Beckwourth was assured of payment and reimbursement. It is an extreme irony that due to a severe fire that very night, Marysville was almost burned down and the mayor and his council informed Beckwourth they could not pay. It is of record in the minutes of the counsel, September 1, 1851, May 9, 1853, and Jan. 1856, that Beckwourth attempted to collect again and again by petition. Eventually he was informed in 1856 that his business transaction and agreement of payment was with members of the City Council and management of 1851, and those persons were no longer in office.

During the time he spent in Marysville Beckwourth became acquainted with a writer who was appalled with his experiences and wrote a book of his life.

Beckwourth was popular with the miners and well known for his wild tales. When it became known that a book was written about him, a group of miners in the mountains directed one of their members to purchase a copy of the book when buying supplies. This man could not read and while celebrating in Marysville he tried to buy the book and was instead sold a Bible. When he returned and presented the group with the book they settled around the fire and one opened the book at random and began to read.

"And Sampson went and caught 200 foxes and took firebrands and turned tail to tail and put a fire brand between two tails, and when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Phillistines and burnt up both the shocks and also the standing corn, with the Vineyards and olives."

At this point one of the listeners interrupted, "That does it! I'd recognize that as one of Jim Beckwourth's damn lies anywhere."

In his old age Beckwourth was living on a ranch south of Denver where he was contracted and employed by the army to act as a scout through the west, and there to visit the Crow Indians and attempt to pacify them, and keep the peace.

Ultimately Beckwourth rejoined his old friends and hunting companions, and there was great rejoicing and feasting. At this point legend takes over to complete the last chapter of the great American Negro scout, frontiersman and Indian Chief.

Beckwourth's death was due to poisoning. It is believed by some that poison was administered by his friends the Crows. During past days when Medicine Calf, Enemy of Horses, was a chief, the Crows had reigned victorious. After his departure troublesome years followed. They decided—so goes the legend—that this time he would remain. He did. ●

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THE LAST RETREAT

(Continued from page 31)

Before starting from their refuge at Kamiah, a few miles downstream, they confused Howard again. A rear-guard action bluffed him into a halt. He hung around for another ten days, giving his foe a valuable headstart. The Indians began calling him "General Day After Tomorrow."

The Lolo Trail climbed steeply to the crest of the Bitterroot Mountains, slanting northeast. It was hardly a trail; it was only a track through the evergreen timber, snarled with fallen trees and all but impossible rocky slopes. The Nez Perce drove a herd of over 2,000 horses (some of them captured after Kamiah), allowing ample remounts for the 500 people. They struggled on at an average of 16 miles a day. As before, their main object was to lose General Howard, whom they considered their only foe.

They almost did. When the general finally got started, his men faced a tougher job. His mission was the same as always; to bring these obstinate redskins to bay and then force as many as were left back to the reservation. (So far, he hadn't had much luck.) His cavalry had but one horse apiece, the infantry had none at all. Doggedly, they chopped their way through the debris, slipped and struggled over the rocks, their curses echoing among the lordly cedars and spruce. It was scenery out of a picture album, but the men had no eyes for that. At last, on July 30, they toiled through the last of the 250 miles and were over the crest. Beyond lay Ft. Missoula, near which Lt. Rawn had been ordered to build a roadblock. Howard hoped to trap the fugitives in a squeeze.

Rawn followed orders, but the Indians had simply circumvented the fort, scrambling along a craggy ridge to the east like mountain goats. The roadblock became known as "Fort Fizzle". Seething with disappointment, Howard halted with his exhausted troops to plot the next move.

Now the band descended into the well-settled Bitterroot Valley. From this stage on, Looking Glass was the accepted leader, with Joseph assuming charge of travel. The prospect seemed hopeful. The settlers were friendly and the Indians trustful: these white men wished them well. At Stevensville and Corvallis, the Nez Perce traded for ammunition and much-needed supplies. Years later Yellow Wolf, a subchief, said, "We travelled through Bitterroot Valley slowly... We had left Gen. Howard and his war in Idaho."

To the east in Montana lay the bountiful haven of the Big Hole, a grass-covered basin rimmed by rugged hills along the Big Hole River. The band chose it as an ideal spot to rest and recuperate. Game was plentiful. In early August they pitched camp, not bothering even to post sentinels. To do so would be an affront to white men whom they considered friends.

The haven was short-lived. From F. Missoula on August 4, Col. John Gibbon set out with a 7th Infantry force of 163 men: their objective, the Big Hole. Along the way they were joined by a group of 34 volunteers. After picking up a howitzer at Ft. Owen the force proceeded quietly to positions on high ground overlooking the Nez Perce camp. It was August 8. Colonel Gibbon planned a dawn attack across the river.

The attack would be three-pronged. Companies under Lieutenants Logan, Williams and Rawn were moved to the right, while Captains Comba and Sanno took the center. Lieutenant Bradley's company with a force of volunteers were sent downstream to assault the left and stampede the sizeable horse herd. Crouching in the grass, the men were surprised by a lone horse herder, whom a volunteer promptly shot. At that signal, the attackers struck.

General Nelson A. Miles in 1877.

The camp was thrown into confusion. The tents erupted in a swarm, the warriors rubbing sleep from their eyes and snatching for their rifles. The ground afforded no protection but, far from panicking, the warriors dashed for the willows along the stream, where they poured back shot for shot. The action became a furious melee. Soldiers charged through the stream and stormed into the camp, shooting at every Indian in sight—men, women and even children. The troops were determined to avenge defeat: their prey, as always in this war, fighting for their lives. Up and down the grassy meadow the battle raged. Through the din of firing, shouts and screams echoed amid the wails of the wounded and dying. The troops fought bravely, but the In-

(Continued on page 54)

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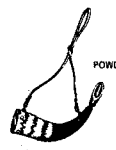

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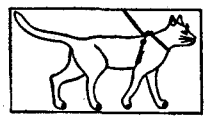

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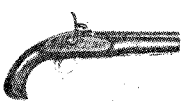

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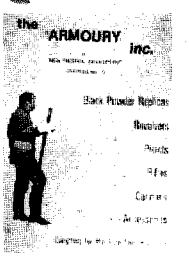

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THE LAST RETREAT

(Continued from page 53)

dians' fire was deadly. At one point Logan's men made a futile effort to burn the camp.

The situation was getting critical. With all the advantage of complete surprise, the soldiers had not been able to seize the camp. Gibbon formed his men back to back and, ordering both sides to charge, retreated across the stream to a wooded knoll. The position offered a natural defense. Looking Glass sent 30 men to hold them there, while the rest of the band prepared for an orderly withdrawal. A grass fire set to flush the besieged soldiers burned out. But the initiative had changed hands.

Meanwhile, a small group had captured Gibbon's howitzer (which never got to the scene) along with 2,000 rounds of much-needed rifle ammunition. From his stronghold, the colonel despatched riders to General Howard with a desperate call for help. The day was hot, and the besieged men suffered from lack of water.

The battle ended the next evening, August 10. The Indian fighters left to join their sorely-stricken people, already removed to a new camp 12 miles south. The band had suffered cruelly. They had lost only 12 fighters (among them their best) but many women, old men and children had been ruthlessly cut down. It was a hideous display of savagery, without principle in any code. Later, Joseph commented "Nez Perce never make war on women and children." Of course, some Indians did.

The soldiers lost 24 killed—among them Lieutenants Bradley and Logan—and 36 wounded. An apt, if somewhat understated, summary of the battle would be this tribute from Gen. Howard. "Few military commanders with good troops could better have recovered after so fearful a surprise."

Now the Indians were disillusioned, and for the first time full of hatred for all whites. Joseph and the others had been taught a sorry lesson. As they turned westward, once more crossing the Bitterroots into Idaho, they took revenge on a scattering of settlers, killing several men and stealing their horses. Joseph's pace was slow, because of his many wounded, but Howard's was even slower.

Arriving after the fight, he had taken a few men from Gibbons' shattered command and continued the pursuit. Once more, he had planned a trap. Joseph's flight, he figured, must take him through Yellowstone Park into Montana, whither he was known to be headed. The only accessible route to the Park led through Targhee Pass, on the west. To it, on August 19, he sent Lieutenant Bacon with 40 men to form another roadblock. He then rested his command at Camp Calloway, near Camas Meadows, feeling no need to hurry.

But Joseph wasn't asleep. The next night a war party raided the camp and stole 200 pack mules. Major Sanford's cavalry promptly pursued them but succeeded only in getting themselves ambushed at Camas Meadows, with minor loss. Meantime, at Targhee Pass Lieutenant Bacon became restless and abandoned his roadblock. On August 22 Joseph quietly slipped through it.

Back at Camp Calloway, General Howard went into bivouac, His men were exhausted, his supplies short, and he needed horses and mules. He had just missed his last chance to head off Joseph.

On their way through Yellowstone Park, the tribe met a party of sightseers. These were made to serve as guides and separated from some supplies but, with the exception of one man, were released unharmed. The women were all well treated.

By now the frustrated high command was getting desperate. These red-skins had made them look like a pack of play soldiers. Something had to be done before the fugitives cleared Montana and were into Canada, where Sitting Bull and his Sioux had found refuge. Accordingly, eight troops of the 7th Cavalry, under Colonel Samuel Sturgis, were sent from the Crow Agency to Absaroka Pass, the eastern exit from the Park. Other forces were stationed nearby. This time the trap, with Howard closing from the south, seemed tight as a prison.

Joseph, who more and more was taking over as leader, sensed the danger. His scouting was superb; there was never a moment when he didn't know where the enemy was, and in what strength. He decided on a ruse. Faking a move eastwood toward the Shoshone River, he tricked Sturgis into leaving his position. Then he doubled back to the canyon (of Clark's Fork) the colonel was supposed to be guarding. Here the Indians would slip through and continue north.

They were helped in this maneuver by the lack of communication among Army commands. The Nez Perce never failed to pick off whatever scouts the soldiers sent. To guess where the redskins were heading they had tc depend on following their tracks.

Colonel Sturgis soon woke up. By a lucky chance he sighted the Indians from the top of a ridge, while still looking for them along the "Stinking Water," or Shoshone River. Joseph, however, was well on his way to the unguarded canyon of Clark's Fork. Frantically, Sturgis wheeled about. But the fugitives passed through smoothly and crossed the Yellowstone River.

On September 13, the troops caught up with them at the mouth of the steep canyon of Canyon Creek. Sensing victory, Sturgis hastily deployed his men. Major Merrill's battalion was hurled to the attack. F and I Companies, led by Captains Bell and Nowland, were close behind.

Chief Joseph swore he never would attack either women or children.

Two companies under Captains Benteen and French were held in reserve.

A rear guard formed by Looking Glass took positions among the rimrock flanges on each side of the defile. They met the charging cavalry with a hail of accurate fire. This soon changed Sturgis' mind, and he halted Merrill and ordered him to dismount his men. Joseph seized the opportunity to lead the rest of his band into the safety of the canyon.

The fight continued until evening. Try as he would, Sturgis could not get past the stubborn defense, and two charges led by Captain Benteen ended up where they started. Finally Colonel Sturgis, fearing an ambush in the growing dusk, gave up any further effort to invade the canyon. At nightfall, the last of the Indians made good their escape.

When the firing ceased, three troopers were dead and 11 wounded. Forty-one horses had been captured or disabled. Three Indians had been wounded, but their principal loss was a sizeable horse herd stolen by their supposed friends, the Crows, who had been serving the command as scouts. From then on, Joseph knew he had no allies south of Canada.

The next day General Howard arrived with his command. Colonel Sturgis was fuming, and swore he would catch those slippery redskins. But both commands were too exhausted for effective pursuit. A message for help was relayed to Colonel Nelson Miles, at Ft. Keogh, some 100 miles northeast.

Now the harried tribe pushed onward with their lonely flight. There was no haven this side of Canada. The last hope was to join Sitting Bull in the safety of another land.

To the north lay the Missouri River and in the west the lofty Absaroka Range rose in glistening peaks. Mountains had been their home, but there was no stopping now. On September 24, the tribe crossed the Missouri at Cow Island, wading the shallow water. Previously they had raided a military supply depot, after their efforts to pay for what they wanted was refused.

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(A small force of the 7th cavalry sent to stop them prudently decided not to try.) The Indians continued north to Snake Creek, in the Bear Paw Mountains, 40 miles from the Canadian border. Here they stopped to rest, feeling comfortably secure. The hunting was good and their wounded would have time to gain strength for the final push. It was their last, tragic mistake.

Unknown to Joseph, Colonel Miles had set out from Ft. Keogh to halt these Indians for good. His force consisted of 600 men—2nd and 7th Cavalry, 5th Infantry—plus a 4-lb. howitzer, a Gatling gun and 30 Cheyenne scouts, who soon spotted the Nez Perce camp. On September 30 the force attacked.

Lulled by the dream of security, Joseph had sent out no scouts. He was caught unaware. If U.S. troops outdid the Indians in any military sense, it was in this particular. During this war, they were continually catching their enemy by surprise.

The charge swept across four miles of open prairie. Second Cavalry with the Cheyenne scouts veered to the right to cut off the horse herd, while 5th Infantry, mounted, formed the center with 7th Cavalry on their left. It was a rash charge, and cost most of the casualities to the command for the entire five-day battle. Captain Hale's K Troop loss was 60 percent.

At first, the Indian camp was all confusion. Second Cavalry and the Cheyennes had done their work, and now warriors scampered like startled jack rabbits trying vainly to catch their mounts. But, as at Big Hole, their peculiar talent for rallying saved the day. Unnerved by his losses, Colonel Miles soon halted the charge and dismounted his men. By repeated sorties, they got within 20 yards of the camp, but the fire was too hot. Only one officer of the 7th Cavalry, Lieutenant Eckerson, was left unwounded. Once more, the Indians proved too tough and the attack was called off.

From then on it was a battle of siege. Joseph's positon wasn't easy to defend; on three sides it was open prairie, with a wooded ridge to the rear. But rifle-pits cleverly sited in ravines afforded adequate cover. Finally, the howitzer was trundled up and used as a mortar, to lob shells into the ravines with telling effect. Still the troops didn't risk another advance.

Colonel Miles was in a ticklish spot. Close by in Canada, Sitting Bull's 2,000 followers posed a definite threat. From the south, General Howard and Colonel Sturgis were moving up but couldn't possibly get there for a couple of days. Anyway, Miles had mixed feelings about them, because he wanted the credit for any victory.

The weather had turned cold and the Indians, with their many wounded and lack of blankets, suffered harshly. Shortly after the attack, about 150 of them had slipped away and crossed into Canada. Joseph, however, refused to leave those who couldn't travel. Ignoring danger, he flung himself into the thick of the fight and was wounded four times. For Looking Glass, though, it was the end of the trail. After his death, morale began to sink.

The battle had declined to sporadic firing. The Indians were desperate; almost all their horses were lost and ammunition was running low. Even so, they were willing to offer water to wounded soldiers trapped within their line. Once Joseph appeared under a flag of truce to seek terms, and was unduly detained until **a threatened hostage forced his release.** It was just another perfidy on the part of the whites. Then, on October 4, Howard and Sturgis arrived, and the end had come.

The surrender was solemn and tragic, and embittered by broken faith before and after. It was conducted by Colonel Miles and Chief Joseph. On a little rise of ground, the gallant leader rode up to his captors, eyes lowered, his strong features stony with grief. He offered his rifle first to Colonel Howard, but the General, smiling motioned to Colonel Miles. With a sweep of his arm, the chief declared simply, "From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

The 1300-mile flight had ended with freedom almost in his grasp. He had fought for it hard and gloriously. The Nez Perce fought like professionals; they made skilled use of field fortifications, skirmish lines, and advance and rear guards. Against a force numbering, variously, some 2,000 soldiers, the warriors led by Looking Glass, Joseph and others averaged less than 200. Until the very last they never lost a battle—from White Bird, Clearwater, Big Hole and Canyon Creek to Bear Paw.

Without question, the soldiers fought bravely and as well as they were able. But with all their numerical superiority, they were still overmatched.

At Bear Paw, the Indians' loss was 25 killed, 46 wounded; the soldiers' 23 and 45. But for the whole campaign, casualties among the whites were 121 killed, 149 wounded; soldiers and civilian volunteers. Sixty-five Indian fighting men had died in battle, with an undertermined number wounded. These figures tell their own story.

On October 5, 87 men, 184 women and 147 children—a weary, shivering but still proud host—filed into captivity. Miles had promised they would return to Idaho but, despite his vigorous protests, the promise was revoked. The Indians were exiled to Oklahoma Territory, a land wholly unsuited to their existence. There, the tribe's vitality and health was slowly spent.

It was hardly a just fate for these splendid warriors, redmen whose only transgression was their fight to live in peace. ●

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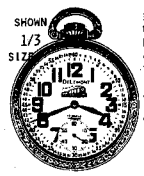

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THE APACHE KID

(Continued from page 37)

him. Pas-Lau-Tau raised the rifle to apply the coup-de-grace. The Kid stopped him, saying in English, "The man is dead; save the cartridge."

Even in his critical condition, the significance of this remark did not escape Middleton. He realized the Kid would speak English to another Apache only if he wanted Middleton to know he was deliberately sparing his life. Mounted on stolen horses and armed with their former captors' guns, the Apaches quickly vanished into the brush and Gene Middleton staggered back down the road, seeking help.

For the Apache Kid, there was no life now but the life of an outlaw. Following this daring escape, the Kid and the other renegades stages a series of lightning raids, attacking ranches and stealing horses.

In March of 1890, a Mormon freighter was killed by the Apaches on the San Carlos road and the next day the Cavalry was on their trail. They caught the outlaw band on a high, boulder-strewn ridge in the Sierra Ancha and in the fight that followed, two Indians, including Pas-Lau-Tau, were killed and two captured. The Kid either was not with them at the time or managed to slip away.

He was on his own now and as a loner began an unstoppable one-man reign of terror. He struck at lonely ranch houses, remote prospectors' camps, and ambushed unwary travelers, killing quickly, stealing horses, guns and other belongings, then fading away like a phantom.

No one will ever know the extent of his depredations for he received the blame for nearly every murder committed in the Arizona Territory during the next four years. Many of the charges were unfounded but enough were true to send terrified settlers packing off to the safety of military posts.

The Apache Kid is believed to be the one who killed the old government guide and packer Nat Whitman. Then, a potato farmer in the Mogollon Mountains fell victim to the Kid as did two Arizona Cowboys, Bellmeyer and Gardiner. At the height of the "Apache Kid Campaign," more than one thousand soldiers rode both sides of the border in search of the elusive outlaw. Once, while a 10th Cavalry detachment pursued

The Indian policemen of San Carlos, Arizona (above) march in order. General Crook (seated in center, below) poses with some members of his staff. Albert Sieber, wearing suspenders, is fourth from right.

him, the Kid made a side trip to a nearby ranch, shot the two ranchers, stole a fresh horse, and disappeared over the line into Mexico.

In 1892, two Arizona counties, Graham and Gila, offered a $500 reward for the capture, dead or alive, of "the Indian murderer designated as The Kid." The next year, Governor Nathan O. Murphy signed into law a special bill authorizing a reward of $5,000 for the Kid, and a week later, the New Mexico Legislature put up $2,000. The Arizona Cattleman's Association added another $2,000 and Mexico's President Porforio Diaz offered $5,000 more.

Fifteen thousand dollars was a lot of money for one Apache scalp and eager bounty hunters flocked to the hills. In Sonora, the flamboyant Col. Emilio Kosterlitzky set his "Bushmaster" rurales on the trail of the Kid. Kosterlitzky, a bizarre figure at best, was a Russian immigrant who deserted from the American army to organize and command a troop of 50 Mexican mercenaries hired to combat the Apache menace.

His "Bushmasters" were a motley collection of former thieves and bandits. Colonel Kosterlitzky, who dressed like a Prussian general, complete with spiked helmet, shaped his

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misfits into a crack cavalry troop which chased outlaws, smugglers and Indians below the border.

Kosterlitzky thought he had the Kid when his soldiers cornered a band of Indians in the rocky foothills of the Sierra Madre. When the fight was over, a search of the Apache bodies produced Sheriff Reynolds' battered old watch. This was as close as Kosterlitzky would ever get to the Apache Kid.

Up at San Carlos, veteran Indian Scout Mickey Free eyed the reward. Free had known the Kid personally and felt sure if anyone could find him, he could.

He picked up the Kid's track near an outlaw camp in the Tule marshes and for weeks doggedly pursued him. At last, in the canyons of the Aravaipa, he found a body in a cave high on a hillside. The dead man, an Indian, had crawled away to die of bullet wounds. On his forehead was a tattooed "W." Mickey lifted the scalp including the forehead and took it in as evidence. His "evidence," putrid by then, was promptly thrown out, for in Mickey's absence the Kid had staged another raid.

In 1894, Ed "Walapai" Clark stepped out of his mountain cabin, heard a rifle crack and felt a bullet whistle by his head. He grabbed his own gun and shot it out with his ambusher, the Apache Kid.

"Walapai" managed to wing his opponent who fled, bleeding, into the hills. Clark promptly rode off for Phoenix to collect the reward only to be informed that a wounded Kid was not good enough.

With the passage of time Albert Sieber's bitterness subsided. He must have realized that unjust treatment had led his former friend to become the most wanted outlaw in the Southwest. One day, Dan Williamson, a close acquaintance of Sieber's and later Arizona State Historian, came to Sieber with a tale from an ex-Indian Scout who claimed to know the Kid's present whereabouts. When Williamson suggested they trap the Kid and collect the reward, Sieber exploded.

"Did the Kid ever harm you?" he shouted. "Do you want to kill a man for money?"

Then later, an idea began to form in Sieber's mind. If this Indian would serve as a go-between, perhaps they could talk to the Kid, persuade him to give himself up and the reward could be used to buy his pardon.

Williamson agreed it was worth a try. The two of them set up a camp in the mountains while the ex-Scout went off to make the contact. Sieber and Williamson waited several nights for the Kid to show up. Williamson would later write that he was sure the Kid was often hovering nearby, watching them, but he never met with them. By now the Kid had had enough of the white man's deals.

During this period the Apache Kid frequently sought refuge in Mexico among the fierce Yaqui Indians of the Sierra Madre. He surely knew he could not evade the manhunters forever, so with the aid of the Yaquis he devised a plan to take the pressure off him.

Late in 1894, an Apache woman walked into San Carlos and informed Captain Sedgewick Rice that she had been living with the Apache Kid in the Yaquis' stronghold in Sonora. The Kid was dead now, she said, killed by a disease that sounded like tuberculosis. Her story was convincing enough so that the rewards were withdrawn. It would be many years before the tale would be disproved.

It was September, 1909 when Charles Anderson discovered two horses had been stolen from his ranch in the New Mexico Black Range. Accompanied by John James and another cattleman named Hiler, he set out on the trail of the thieves.

The trio crossed the continental divide and entered the San Mateo Mountains. Here, they encountered an old prospector who, upon hearing their story, stated they were probably tracking the Apache Kid. The cattlemen laughed; the Kid was 15 years dead. Not so, the oldtimer insisted. "He's here. I've seen him often." Chuckling, the three rode on.

Just before dawn a few days later, they came upon the outlaws camp. The stolen horses were tethered nearby. Anderson, James and Hiler settled back in the trees to wait.

With first light, an Indian woman rose from her blankets and went to the stream for water. The cattlemen let her pass. Two Indian bucks got up next, and as they walked toward the horses, the ranchers opened fire. The first shot caught the tall Indian in the throat and two more bullets shattered his chest. The squaw and the smaller brave made a dash for the timber and escaped.

While examining the rustler's corpse, Anderson commented on the odd mark on the dead man's forehead. It appeared to be a faded "W."

They left the body where it fell, took their horses and rode home. Eventually, the squaw made her way back to the reservation and told an incredible tale. The slain man, she said was the Apache Kid. She had traveled with him for some time and showed the large wad of money he had entrusted to her. Upon hearing the news, Anderson shook his head.

"Boys, we got the biggest game ever killed in New Mexico!" he said.

The following autumn, John James and some hunters went back to the scene of the ambush. Though the body was in sorry condition by now, James cut off the trigger finger as a souvenir, then decapitated the corpse. They boiled the head down to the skull and carried it out.

Emilio Kosterlitzky, leader of his own army of Mexican mercenaries, thought he'd cornered the Apache Kid.

At this juncture in history, there was a prevalent belief that the structure of a man's skull determined his crinimal propensities. Outlaw craniums were much in demand. The skull of the Apache Kid, in due time, made its way to New York where it received considerable comment and study. It yielded little of scientific value however, for the course of the Apache Kid's life had not been determined by the shape of his skull.

His body was finally buried on the ridge which leads to the peak that now bears his name. There, in these still wild hills, soon to be declared the Apache Kid Wilderness Area, lies the heart of the Apache Kid. □

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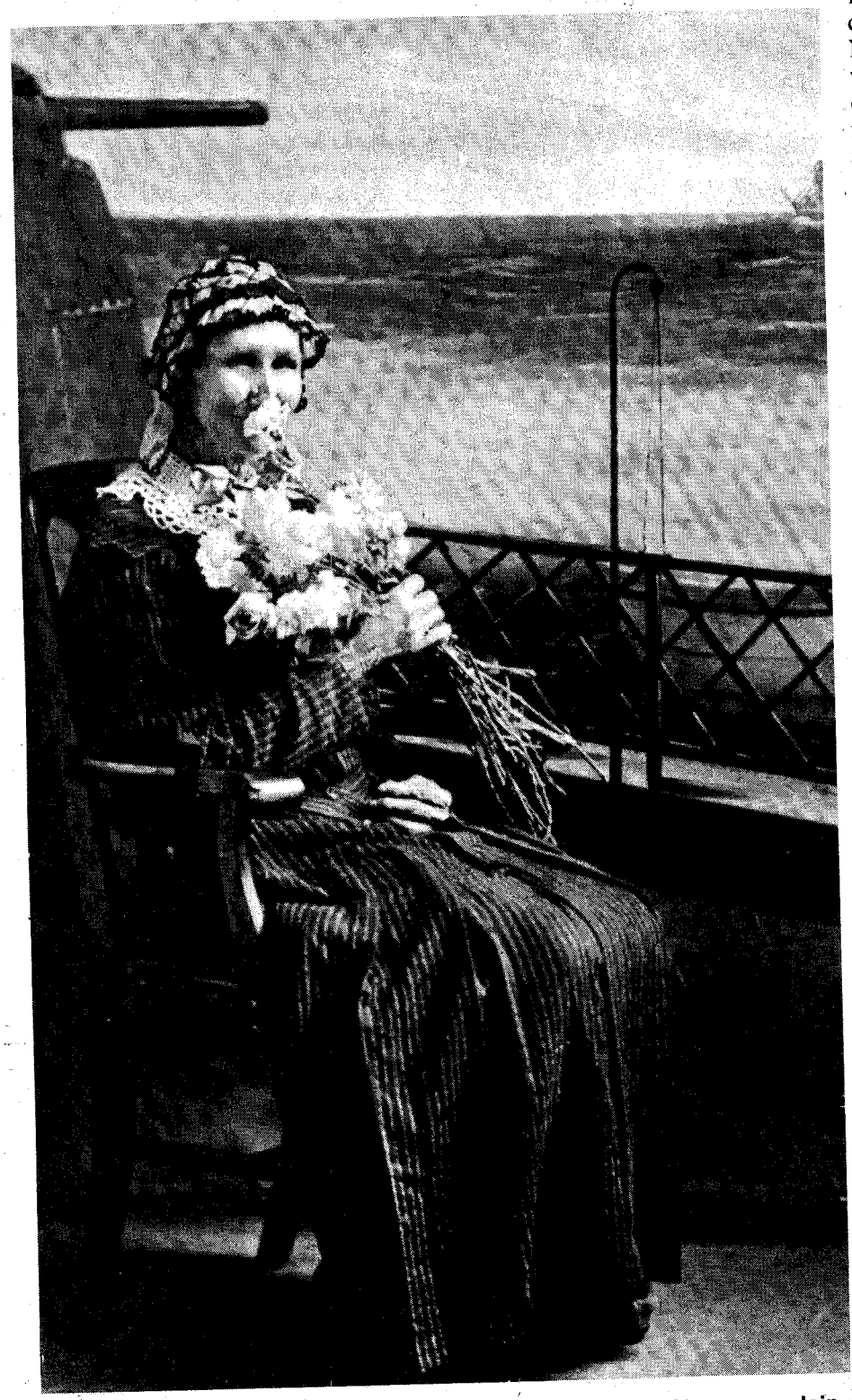
TRIALS OF A PIONEER HOUSEWIFE

(Continued from page 41)

courthouse, and his wife was gratified by "records which show that only two court decisions were reversed during his entire time in office."

Near the turn of the century, Tump Robinson, as he was familiarly known, and Mary Jane succumbed again to the lure of the frontier and pursued the eldorado of the West to Hale County in the panhandle of Texas. This time they journeyed in covered wagon drawn by horses instead of the oxen used in making other moves. Mrs. Robinson's recollections of life on the plains included hauling coal some 65 miles and "supplementing the meager supply with cow chips found on the prairies." She had the pleasure of seeing the first train pull into Plainview.



Mary Jane Robinson poses before a seascape backdrop. She was a plain woman whose work included hauling coal 65 miles to her home. She bore her husband 13 children, the first when she was but 15 years of age.

With no more frontiers to pioneer in Texas in the first decade of the 20th century, Tump and Mary Jane Robinson with their five unmarried children took up land in Saint Vrain, New Mexico, some 25 miles northwest of Clovis, and undertook to complete the residence requirements for a land claim. There, at an age when most people are looking forward to retirement, they made a new start in a country of blizzards, sandstorms, and drought. The lower floor of their home formed a dugout, and once during a heavy snow the family stayed marooned there for two days. In the summer Mrs. Robinson carried water a quarter of a mile to keep alive the flowers so dear to her.

Only after Tump fell victim to influenza in 1924 did Mary Jane Robinson give up her home to live out her remaining days alternately with her children. Although she longed to join her beloved husband, life clung tenaciously. Among her simple pleasures was sharing with any who would listen her generous stock of memories of pioneer days. Several years before Mrs. Robinson's death in 1939, her youngest daughter, Lois Saxton, recorded and preserved her reminiscences.

In summing up her lifetime, Mary Jane Robinson said, "As I look back...I have no regrets...The coming years will doubtless be full of many, many changes, but I believe that the children's children of the coming generations will not have any greater reason to respect, honor, and obey their fathers and mothers than did the children of the men and women of the fast fading frontier days in Texas. Believing this, I am comforted by the age-old cowboy refrain:

"I trust in the last great roundup,
When the riders shall cut the big herd,
That the frontiersman shall be represented
In the earmark and brand of the Lord,
To be shipped to the bright mystic region,
Over there in green pastures to lie,
And led by the crystal still waters
To that land of the sweet bye and bye." □

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THE 75,000,000 FLASH

(Continued from page 33)

approximately one hundred feet.

Laid out on May 16, 1868, by Ed Goben, Henry Kelly, and W. H. Hamilton, the town was incorporated in 1869 following the rush to the district. Towns dubbed Treasure City, Shermantown between White Pine Mountain and Treasure Hill, Eberhardt at the foot of Treasure City, and Swansea in the same area, came to life, too, before the end of 1868.

The main rush during 1869-70 was to mines on Treasure Hill rather than to those of other parts of the district. Although the hill was swamped with diggings, only a few of these became important mines. The Keystone was discovered by accident by a party of miners who were following a float uphill. John Turner, one of the party, happened to strike a pick into material that looked like putty, which later turned out to be pure chloride of silver averaging $15,000 to $25,000 a ton.

During the severe winter of 1868-69 it is said two half-frozen miners hastily built a one-room cabin of stone only to find when spring came that the cabin was of high grade silver ore. They tore it down and realized a profit of $75,000 from its sale.

On the west side of Treasure Hill 1500 locations were set out on Chloride Flat. The entire section was perforated like a sieve with shafts sunk within 10-30 feet of each other. Holders claimed as much as 4 to 1000 feet each, and claims ran into each other, crossed and interlaced in every direction. The mining recorder was forced to hire three assistants, and these four together recorded 13,000 claims in two years. There were 200 White Pine corporations with a total valuation of close to $300.000.000 traded on the San Francisco stock exchange, and nine assayers were kept busy around the clock.

Many of the holdings had peculiar names such as Iceberg, Stone Wall, Snow Drop, Post Hole, Excelsior, and many others. The important mines were Hidden Treasure, Keystone, Virginia, Continental, and Ward Beech. Hidden Treasure, discovered November 3, 1867 was a 1000 foot claim with assorted ore going from $500 to $800 a ton mostly in the form of chloride of silver. Its first owners were Leather, Murphy, and Marchard, who later sold the mine in January 1870 for $200,000 to G.E. Roberts and Company.

None of these mines, however, could compare with the famous Eberhardt discovered in December 1867 by T. E. Eberhardt. The original location claimed 800 feet and assayed $800 to $1000 a ton. Eberhardt did not hold onto his claim very long; he sold it to a mining company from England a couple of years later. A Thomas Phillpotts was put in charge. He was later fired and a Captain Drake operated the fabulous money maker.

First class ore from the Eberhardt was so pure it would not crush. Twenty-two tons of this ore produced $96,459.46 from just a pocket. Approximately $3,200,000 was also taken from an opening 70 feet long and 40 feet wide which lay only 28 feet below the surface. It is no wonder that one of the owners valued his interest at one million dollars.

During the mining operations a question of mining law arose that had never before been brought up. It was discovered that the Eberhardt group of mines were not upon any ledge which could be measured off and its extensions taken up but all were a single horizontal deposit, the chloride layers being separated by layers of limestone and bounded by walls like a vault.

In his report to the U. S. Treasury Department in 1869, Rossiter Raymond, Superintendent, Commission of Mining, wrote that the walls of the mine were silver; even the roof overhead was silver, and thick silver dust floated constantly in the air, coating miners' clothing, and filling nostrils and lungs.

Ore yielding $3000 a ton was taken consistently from the Eberhardt, Keystone, and Blue Belle mines after their consolidation. Production showed a total of about $500,000 for each of the years from 1872-76. In fact, when an offer of $4,000,000 was made to the company by San Francisco financiers a swift, sure reply went back.

"When we have taken out enough to pay the national debt we will talk about selling."

The Eberhardt was so rich, the mining company's treasury held $1,250,000 in the spring of 1876. Capt. Drake spent this money in further exploration of Treasure Hill and more thousands besides without finding one additional pound of pay ore. The big yields diminished to $40,000 in 1876, and dropped to $30,000 a year later. After 1878 the company partially disbanded. Failure to keep up the production of previous years led the company to bore a tunnel into Treasure Hill. When a depth of 7000 feet was reached without seeing any ore, this project was abandoned.

Miners in the entire area were neither any better or worse than in any other camp. They always hoped to discover a bonanza on the morrow. Their hours were long, their wages were small, and paydays were never guaranteed. Unions were formed in Hamilton as they were in other places in an attempt to improve conditions, but many years passed before they became a dominant factor.

Much of the conflict was caused by importation of Chinese coolies who were willing to do all kinds of work for less pay. Lawyers, too, were looked upon with disfavor because the miners thought they favored the mining companies.

After Hamilton became established and "bums discovered they had to make

(Continued on page 60)

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THE 75,000,000 FLASH

(Continued from page 59)

a living to exist," they moved on and businessmen and the industrial class took charge.

According to a report of the Internal Revenue in 1870, all retail liquor licenses were issued, and there were 100 dealers in tobacco and cigars, in addition to 59 general merchandise dealers. There were also eight jewelry shops, one furniture store, one soda water factory, a brewery, three drug stores, and two banking agencies. Treasure City had 42 business houses listed, and in both towns bartenders were kept on the run in a frantic effort to supply enough drinks for thirsty miners. Dentistry was practiced by a doctor who offered to pull teeth.

In the midst of all this prosperity living expenses spiralled. Chickens cost $5 apiece, a hay mattress with one blanket and cricket thrown in was $1.00, canned fruit and vegetables, $1.00 a can, and wood was $3-$5 a jackass load. Eggs from Salt Lake City sold for $1.25 a dozen, and fresh eggs when available were $2 a dozen.

There were horse auctions and public sales of all kinds. Probably one of the most profitable businesses was the freighting business. Companies owning stage lines made money, too, in spite of numerous hazards, for Hamilton was the distributing point for stage and mail lines radiating to other camps. Stages ran six-in-hand with drivers and shot-gun messenger from Palisades through Mineral Hill, Eureka, and from Hamilton to Pioche, a distance of 260 miles, and to all the booming camps.

The West's most notorious highwaymen were lured to Hamilton, including the professional stage robbing firm of Small and McDonald.

One lone bandit, however, was more successful than anyone else. Jack Harris maintained his headquarters at Pioche, and managed to hold up the Wells Fargo stages so often that they finally entered into an agreement with him. They offered him $200 a month to quit; all he had to do was present himself at the stage office and report present on the arrival and departure of every stage.

In view of this seemingly tall tale one wonders where the law was on certain occasions. Nevertheless, stage drivers and Wells Fargo guards risked their lives on every trip. Eugene Blair, one of the bravest messengers, was held up many times but never surrended the treasure box. It seemed he always put up a winning fight. When he mounted the boot of a stage he was the terror of highwaymen, and they generally tried to get him first before ordering hands up.

It has been reported that freighting stages carrying ore to the Central Pacific railroad at Wells and Elko were relieved of their cargo at least twice a week. It seemed the cargo was always rich enough to take a risk for, as one stage arrived at Eureka from Hamilton carrying eight bars of silver from the Eberhardt and Aurora mines valued at $10,529.88.

Although the first frame house in Hamilton was built for a saloon, other buildings were soon erected. The famous Withington Hotel with its cut stone front wall was regarded as the handsomest building in Nevada. Stone used to construct this wall was hauled around Cape Horn from Wales as ballast in a sailing vessel, and then transported over the Sierras for a distance of 500 more miles on ox-drawn wagons.

The hotel was said to have had 17 rooms on its top floor, with a fireplace in each room.

Hamilton was made the county seat of White Pine County, and a brick courthouse was erected in 1870 costing $50,000. Other sturdy brick buildings were also constructed, including a theatre, opera house, dance house, post office and Wells Fargo building, not to mention 50 saloons. Property values jumped tremendously. A lot one day would be worth a few hundred dollars; the following day several thousand. Claim jumping was a favorite pastime, and 60 lots in Treasure City were jumped in one night. Sometimes a good revolver constituted a clear title and other types of action were also resorted to.

One such incident concerns a Mr. Fulton who spent $1500 for a house and lot, for which he soon discovered he did not have a title. The owner of the lot was sued before the new district judge who gave a decision in favor of Mr. Fulton's opponent. In the middle of the night a group of outraged citizens propped Fulton's house up on log rollers, pushed it with pinch bars, and pulled it with ropes, while some of the group held torches and stood guard with guns. The house was rolled cross the street onto a lot whose owner was friendly to Fulton. That was justice, Hamilton style.

Before Hamilton was six months old, grizzled prospectors organized a school district, elected a board of trustees, selected a lot for the school house, and fixed the school marm's salary at $90.83 without having so much as a single child or a teacher in town.

But as one old wag quipped—"Children are a natural thing, they will come later." And come they did, for about 300 children between the ages of 6 and 18 eventually were enrolled in the school.

The school board experienced some difficulty in keeping the school in operation because the apportionment for each district was small. Usually funds to pay teachers were collected by giving dances and using the money collected for school purposes. One of the peculiarities of these schools was the publishing of a monthly record of each student in the local paper. Apportionments received by the schools were based on the number of students. Consequently with the sudden rushes of population, schools were forced to carry excessive loads for which there were no funds—or to reject the youngsters.

When a lyceum and reading room was set up it showed that some of the townspeople thought of something else besides silver and whiskey. Other individuals met, too, without regard to sect and organized a society under the title of "universal brotherhood," and set aside a large tract of ground for "religious purposes." Later there were Catholic, Episcopal, and Methodist churches.

Lodges, such as the Odd Fellows, Masons, and several Hook and Ladder fire companies were organized.

When miners and other individuals were not working, their favorite pastimes included dancing, horse racing, sleighing, skating, baseball, billiards, target practice and wrestling matches.

Of all these, dancing was generally preferred, and grand balls, masquerades, and cakewalks were well attended. Admission price to most affairs was high because the proceeds were usually given up for some worthy cause. However, a great many of the dances ended up in a shooting scrape or drunken brawl.

Horse races were often held on the main street, with the races lasting two or three days with large sums of money wagered.

Hamilton had two baseball teams, and competition with other areas was keen. Wrestling matches were governed by Cornish-English rules. All saloons had pool and billiard tables. Winters were so severe that sleighing and skating conditions were ideal. Holidays as a rule were celebrated very energetically. The most interesting of these early-day celebrations occurred when Hamilton was a new camp.

When planning a Fourth of July celebration, it was discovered that there was no material to make a flag. After some scouting around, someone came up with some red calico from a quilt, a quantity of white drilling was bought in a store, and blue material was obtained from a Mormon family.

A proud procession marched up to Treasure City. There was no music, but the miners gaily whistled Yankee Doodle Dandy. In the evening a dance was held to the music of one fiddler, with only two women present.

The following year saw Hamilton booming, and a real celebration was held, complete with impressive parade composed of fire departments, military companies, and a gaily decorated wagon filled with gaudily dressed girls. There were brass bands, too, with hundreds of flags and streamers everywhere.

One Fourth of July, foot-races were run from the center of Main and Clark Streets in the rear of the Cooper Saloon, to a bluff of a mountain east of town, and return. The very novelty of the race made it

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attractive to several youths. One enterprising resident, Joe Crabb, mounted a dry goods box and, surrounded by his clerks, commenced the sale of a pool.

At the onset, a Shoshone warrior, Indian Pete, was the crowd's first choice, while running second in favor was M. P. Murphy. By 6 p.m. nearly half the town's population was watching; nine contestants started out, and there was some difficulty in clearing the street to allow the runners to pass.

The Indian took off like a scared wolf, and as he reached the mountain top where a flag was planted, a deafening yell rose from the spectators. He started down bounding from rock to rock like a fleeing antelope. Without warning his foot struck a boulder causing him to fall. Perhaps the tremendous amount of energy he used in reaching the top had exhausted him, for he failed to rise.

An attorney, Alf Chartz, continued down the mountain side with terrific leaps, and reached the place where the race terminated, much to everyone's surprise and far in advance of all others. His time was six minutes, 15 seconds. It is not definitely known how much money changed hands that day, but it was probably several thousand dollars.

Early newspapers, such as the *White Pine News,* and *Daily Inland Empire,* entertained the populace, too, by publishing a great variety of poems and human interest stories, as well as featuring items of national news and detailed weather information. One item of local news told about a sheet and pillow case party, whatever that was.

Many deaths due to accidents occurred during Hamilton's growth, and also because of homicides and diseases. In administering last rites for fellow workers, miners attempted to do the right thing by their pals. Coffins were usually nothing more or less than a rough box made from scrapes of lumber of all kinds. One such occasion is related as follows:

Miners tossed a coin to see who would read the scripture, and the lot fell upon one individual not very well versed in the Bible. Consequently he opened the good book at the story of Susannah and the Elders and read it through from first to last. A cross for the grave was made by driving an old pick handle down into the dirt. A narrow strip of a soda cracker box was nailed horizontally across it.

The cross was about two-thirds finished when the "lumber" ran out. One member had a bottle of whiskey, half full. Quickly downing the liquor, the bottle was then filled with sand and gravel to keep the wind from blowing it away. This was set upright on the board. Completed, the inscription on the cross read:

"J. H. Cutter's Old Bourbon Whiskey"
"In Hoc Signo Vinces"

Destruction by fire, the fate that befell a great many mining towns, occurred in Hamilton on June 27, 1873, after the town was struggling back to normal from a financial set-back. All but two of its business houses were destroyed in the main portion of town. One store owner supposedly set fire to his tobacco store to collect insurance. To make doubly sure his building would burn he turned the stop cock in the main water pipe near the edge of town shutting off nearly all the water. Before anyone discovered why there was insufficient water, $600,000 worth of damage had been done.

To further complicate and add to Hamilton's misfortunes were its financial troubles. Toward the end of its decline it had an indebtedness of $3000 and only $1.75 in the city treasury.

Following Hamilton's incorporation, a Board of Trustees chose a president who acted as mayor for a short time. Later a Mr. Harper was chosen mayor, but he defaulted. At about the same time peculations of treasurer Lewis Cook were discovered. These two disasters completely bankrupted the city.

Again, in 1882, an embezzlement of $18,000 over a period of 10 years by county treasurer George P. McConkey was discovered. To add to the dismal conditions, the courthouse was destroyed by fire. Practically all its contents with the exception of a few books from the sheriff's office were completely destroyed. This latter event resulted in the removal of the county seat to Ely in 1887.

Treasure City was also destroyed by fire, and neither town was rebuilt. By this time fabulous ore deposits diminished and petered out completely because every one of the rich lodes had been close to the surface. The demonetizing of silver also at this time caused mines and mills to close.

After completion of a costly tramway built by the North Aurora mine to connect mines on Treasure Hill with Eberhardt's big mill, that ore vein, too, pinched out, and the mill burned down for a loss of $300,000. Most people drifted away seeking new bonanzas and brighter futures.

About 1913 various White Pine mining men did considerable work in the area expecting to find pay ore, but no substantial production occurred. At the present time all towns are completely deserted. There is nothing but a few remains of old stone walls, fallen brick chimneys, broken old buggies and pieces of wagons.

Many things have been pilfered away. Most frame structures have collapsed. The front wall of the famous Withington Hotel fell to the ground in the fall of 1960 from an onslaught of wind and storms. On the outskirts of Hamilton stand the ruins of Smoky mill, and around the entire area not much evidence of past glory can be uncovered. Anyone can see what is left of Hamilton by turning off Highway U.S. 50, about 45 miles west of Ely, and driving south on a fair road into the high country. ●

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MOJAVE DESERT'S GOLDEN FLEECE

(Continued from page 27)

3,500 feet deep. Here, the vast basin divided into a network of chambers and passageways, each filled with beautiful stalagmites and stalactites, covering the ceilings and floors.

In the bed of the deep canyon, Dorr and his partner found a flowing river, just as the Indians said he would. They estimated it to be about 300 feet wide with considerable depth. They observed that the river rose and fell with the tides of the sea. At high tide the river was 300 feet wide, while at low tide only about ten feet wide and four feet deep.

"When the tide is out, there is exposed on both sides of the river from 100 to 150 feet of black beach sand which is very rich in gold values," Dorr swore in his affidavit. "The sands are from four to eleven feet deep. This means there are about 300 to 350 feet of rich bearing placer sand which average eight feet in depth. We explored the canyon sands a distance of more than eight miles, finding little variation in the depth and width of the sands."

Dorr carried out about ten pounds of the black sand and panned it, just to see what it would yield. This he sold to a buyer at a rate of $18 per ounce. Two and one-half pounds of the sand he sent to John Herman, an assayer, whose certificates showed a value of $2,145.47 per cubic yard, at $20.67 per ounce. (Today, the price of gold is $35 an ounce.)

Dorr believed from his measurements that he could blast a tunnel about 350 feet long to penetrate into the caverns at a point about one thousand feet below the present entrance, near the top of the limestone mountain.

"I make no estimate of even the approximate tonnage of the black sand, but some estimate of the cubical contents may be made for more than eight miles and the minimum depth is never less than three feet," Dorr wrote.

During Dorr's exploration, he and his partner discovered a 3,000-foot waterfall, a spectacular sight in the darkest depths of the chasm. It was incredible, but unless their instruments were wrong, they were actually seeing what their eyes told them.

During one attempt to bring out part of the hidden gold, Dorr and his partner loaded themselves down with heavy sand. The steep arduous climb up the steep cavern over cliffs and what seemed to be bottomless crevices, became too much for Dorr's partner. It was all Dorr could do to help him to the entrance.

As his partner was recovering from severe exhaustion, several other prospectors showed up. Dorr wasn't about to believe them when they said they only wanted to help out if they could. When some of the golden sand was spilled, the cat was out of the bag.

Before anyone had a chance to do anything, Dorr was back in the cavern. He set off dynamite charges at two levels to seal the cave. The upper charge was 300 feet beneath the entrance.

As I said earlier, it is reported that the cave has claimed the lives of six men, hence the reason for some people referring to it as haunted. Much mystery has shrouded each death. Dorr's partner died, however, as far as anyone knows, of natural causes.

Author's Photo

Crystal Cave, where six died.

Once while in the cave, both Dorr and his partner believed they saw a second opening in the far away roof. Each man was so convinced of the other opening that they let their registered claim expire. Afterward, another prospector nosed in and staked his claim, later selling it.

Dorr was never able to locate the second opening he believed he saw deep inside the subterranean wonder. But when he realized he had made a mistake in not re-filing, it was too late. He had lost his claim to a gigantic hold a mile under the desert floor. He wasn't about to forget it.

From this point little fact is known about Dorr. He is credited with killing at least two men inside the cave. Whether it was done for survival or because of gold-crazed madness, no one is sure.

Before Dorr's partner died, he, too, told of exploring the colossal cavern. His version differed little from Dorr's story, all the more reason to believe Dorr's affidavit. It also was learned that the Indian brothers who had originally given Dorr the crude map were reliable persons, and each had a considerable bank account.

It also is fact that two lives were lost in Crystal Cave as late as 1959. Three treasure hunters had penetrated the deep cavern as far as they could—to the 300 foot level where Dorr blasted the tunnel shut. As they set off dynamite charges, attempting to reopen the cave, poisonous gas overtook them. A third explorer got out alive in the nick of time.

As late as 1961, several Pasadena speleologists explored the cave. When Dorr blasted the passage shut, he wrote DORR on the wall with the smut from his lamp. The spelunkers found his name.

Last August while I was in California doing a little prospecting in this region, which since the Civil War has produced millions of dollars in gold and silver, I decided to see what I could find. I pulled into a cafe parking lot on U.S. Highway 91, just east of Mountain Pass. It was about 7:30 in the morning and I thought that would be a good place to get some breakfast and a cup of hot coffee.

When a pretty waitress came for my order, I asked her how to get to Kokoweef Peak. She looked at me in a strange manner and said, "I'll find out for you." She went to the head waitress and told her what I wanted to know. They both looked me over. I tried to be as inconspicuous as I could.

"Take the road south and turn left at the second corner," the waitress said, bringing my coffee. I thanked her. After breakfast, I was on my way. After about five miles of rugged, twisting desert road winding its way around thousands of Joshua trees, a cactus specie found only in the American Southwest, I was near the foot of Kokoweef, but didn't realize it at the time.

I left my car to see what I could find. After about a ten minutes' walk, I spotted an old model car coming my way. As it approached, I waved for the driver to stop.

"Howdy," I greeted the stranger.

"How you doing?"

My newly found friend was a typical desert prospector, complete with shovel and pick, and a solid black beard at least a half foot long. The only difference was that he had replaced his faithful burro with a rugged automobile.

"Say, can you tell me where Kokoweef Peak is?" I queried.

"Yeah, it's the mountain to your north."

I went on to ask him about Crystal Cave. He said I'd find the path that led to it but he was not at all eager to give me complete directions.

"I'm not going to tell you not to go into it," the bewhiskered stranger said, "but there's been plenty of gunplay up there. Right now it's legally staked off. And besides, the ladders in there are pretty rotten. If I were you, I wouldn't trust them."

I looked at Kokoweef, then turned back to the prospector. "Well, if that's what you think, I guess I'd better not go in. By the way, what do you think about Dorr's story ot the cavern?" I asked, noticing the stranger was looking me over real good.

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"Well, I believe Dorr's story. Everything he told about the cave I think exists, as incredible as it may sound. And many of the things he told about I've found, although I haven't gotten farther than 300 feet down. But all the evidences are there. Right now a mining company has the cave tied up in litigation. In the past they've asked ridiculous percentages to let anyone penetrate farther. That's why nothing has been done.

"If I were you, friend, I'd not tarry long up there. There's been six people killed at that cave already, and I d hate for you to be the seventh."

I assured him that I wouldn't be there long. All I wanted were some pictures. Before we parted, we introduced ourselves. He asked that I not mention his name, for he didn't want to be implicated in any way. He lived nearby and wanted to keep doing so in a peaceable manner. I waved good-by. He was on his way to his mine in another part of the Ivanpahs.

I walked on up the rugged trail. Before long I saw signs posted all over the place, reading KEEP OUT. But since I carried no mining tools, or ropes or lights, I didn't think the sign applied to me. I climbed on.

The trail wound up the mountain. Geologists have found fossil beds of coral and brachipods on the slopes of Kokoweef which were deposited in an ocean here more than 265 million years ago. I couldn't help but notice them alongside the trail.

I finally reached the cave's entrance, almost at the summit on the east slope. A locked, iron bar door covered the opening, and a sign reading PRIVATE PROPERTY, NO TRESPASSING greeted me. I saw that the signs I had passed on the trail meant just what they read.

This once lost gold mine is no longer lost, at least not the entrance anyway. The river with its golden sands is another matter. Geologists say there is little doubt of a gigantic cavern in Kokoweef, but *how big* is the question. No geologist has been past the level where Dorr dynamited the passage shut.

When Dorr's affidavit was published in the mining journal in 1940, it caused considerable excitement in mining circles. But to this day the present owners won't budge. Many aren't even sure who has legal rights to the caverns, to say nothing of the expense it would take to reopen the closed passages.

But wait a minute! This isn't the last of the golden caverns of the great Mojave Desert. There's one more—and it *is* lost. What's more, it's in the same area, not more than a few miles away, somewhere on the California-Nevada border.

The story isn't the same as with Crystal Cave, but many of its details are similar. About the turn of the century an old desert rat named Riley Hatfield was prospecting the Clark Mountains. To the east of Clark Peak he found a dry lake bed and nearby the entrance to a cave on the east side of a small limestone hill.

The entrance was not a hole straight into the earth, but rather a long, narrow tunnel. The prospector explored the cavern with a lantern, following the tight passage into a large dome-shaped chamber. Its floor was covered with water and there was a small whirlpool in the center. A moment after Hatfield got there the water gushed out, as if the bottom of its container had broken loose. The stone floor was shaped like a huge basin with water-worn terraces leading to the top. Piled high on each terrace was black sand.

The old gold hunter stuffed his pockets with several handfuls of the sandy deposit. Later, when outside the cavern, he examined what he had found. Sprinkled throughout the sand were small, sparkling golden nuggets.

Hatfield noticed that the water in the cavern rose and receded every 24 hours, each time depositing layers of the black sand on the basin floor. He estimated it to be at least six feet deep. Before he left, he panned out four pounds of gold nuggets. These he sold at the assay office near Searchlight, Nevada.

What became of the wizened gold seeker isn't known for sure. But several days after he reported his find, an old man and his burro were found shot to death near Ivanpah. No one since has brought gold out of the mystery cave. It, unlike Crystal Cave, remains lost to this day.

So Crystal Cave isn't the only gold filled cavern found on the desolate, arid Mojave Desert, where many a gold-hungry prospector once trod with pick and burro, and many whose bleached bones in the searing desert sun are yet to be found.

I couldn't help but think of that second golden cavern somewhere not far from Crystal Cave. I wondered if it led into the fantastic wonder which Dorr claimed to have found almost a mile under the blowing sand dunes of the great, rolling desert. Could Hatfield's cave be the second opening which Dorr and his partner spotted deep inside the chasm?

I had my pictures of Kokoweef Peak and its strange, well guarded cave. I guess I'd been lucky, for no one met me at the entrance. At least, if they were around. I didn't see them. But at times, I felt as if watchful eyes were focused on me.

It was now time for lunch, and I decided to drive back to the cafe where I'd had breakfast.

I sat down at a table and waited for the waitress. Before long she came over and smiled. "Did they run you off with a gun?"

"No," I laughed. "Why, is that usually what happens?"

She just grinned. ●

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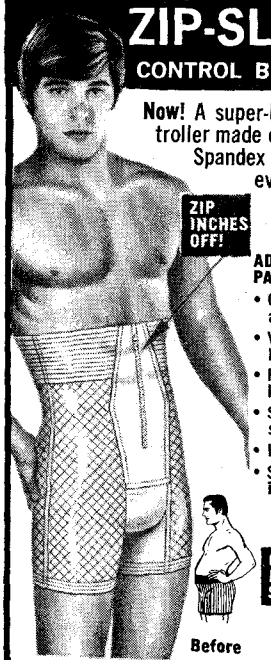

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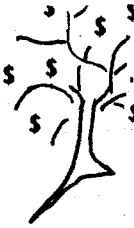

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THE MAIL POUCH (Continued from page 6)

captains were not young men. Boyd was in the Class of 1896, U.S.M.A., was a veteran of the Spanish-American and Philippine Wars, was the author of a book on tactics, and as shown in personal correspondence, Pershing regarded him highly.

And the writer gives the impression that the decision to withdraw the Expedition from Mexico was made by Pershing. The decision was made in Washington, by no less a person than the President himself.

I do not intend or want to be "chicken" in my criticism, but to me these minor errors detract from an otherwise well written and very interesting article. But I do wish that writers on this episode would be more careful in their research and statements.

C. C. CLENDENEN
Col., USA-Ret.
Alhambra, Calif.

1973 POW WOW

We appreciated greatly your write-up of the Pow Wow of the White Buffalo Council of American Indians in your January 1973 issue, and want to thank you.

The Pow Wow for 1973 will be held at the Jefferson County Fair Grounds, west of Denver, Colorado, July 21-22, with free admission. There will be Indian Artifacts displayed, Indian food served. The White Buffalo Council is a non-profit organization, also non-political in nature. This year we shall offer more than $3,000.00 in the dance contests which were so well-received last year.

Any tourists in the area at this time in July will be welcomed to our Pow Wow.

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REV. C.E. Rounsley (70)
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INTERESTED IN: Hunting, fishing, guns, riding.
WANTED: Pen Pals interested in religion, medicine, the arts.

AL RIVERA (25)
3741 Marion
Denver, Colo. 80205
INTERESTED IN: People and how they lived.
WANTED: Women with similar interests.

THELBERT BANKS (23)
Route 4
Sulphur Springs, Tex. 75482
INTERESTED IN: Treasure hunting, fishing, walking.
WANTED: Women interested in treasure hunting.

FREDDY JOE WRIGHT (29)
D-1-1
Fort Knox, Ky. 40121
INTERESTED IN: Treasure hunting, music, hunting and fishing, movies.
WANTED: Women interested in music, reading, movies and outdoor sports.

OLD TIMERS CORNER

(Continued from page 8)

gallon can of sweet cream would bring $2.00 at the creamery.

I decided they had to go and started to look around for a buyer. Here is the bitter part of the story. No one had any money to buy any cows and most everybody was short of feed!

Then someone told me there was a government agency that was buying cows from farmers on account of the feed shortage. I shopped around and found the agent for them and we got in the car and went out to look at my stock.

After looking them all over he said to me, "We can offer you $11.00 per head."

I nearly fainted. I said to him, "Fellow, these are choice Jersey and Guernsey cows that I paid $75.00 to $100.00 a head for."

He shook his head and said, "Sorry 'bout that, but $11.00 is what I am authorized to offer."

After thinking it over and doing some figuring I found I could nearly clear my loan with the bank by accepting his offer. So I took the licking and let them go.

The following summer a man and his family came driving by in a wagon. He stopped and spoke and he said, "I'm your neighbor just moved in on a small farm nearby."

I said, "How can a man manage to get set up on a farm in these trying times?"

He said, "That man Roosevelt, he's the greatest. The government is issuing loans to people to get back on the farms. He calls it rehabilitation."

I said, "Sounds pretty good, but how soon do you have to pay the loan? I just got out from under one by the skin of my teeth. Man they're rough."

He said, "Not with Uncle Sam. I got 30 years to pay it back. Of course the interest is pretty high. But what the heck. A lot can happen in 30 years."

In a few days time the wife and kids and I drove over to see their farm and lo and behold he had two of the cows I had sold to the government.

I asked him, "How much did you pay for the cows?"

He said, "$2.00 each."

I said, "Pretty high ain't it?"

He said, "Yeah, but after all I got 30 years to pay for them!" □

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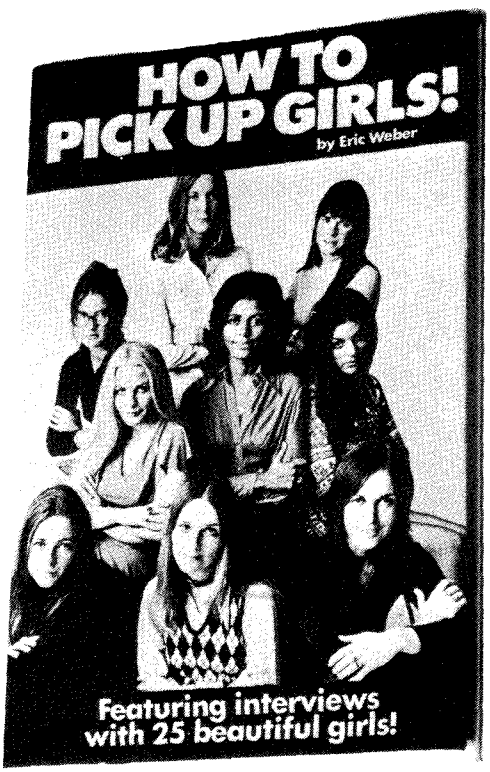

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From an accountant in Ohio

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From a California swinger

It works! I wasn't even half way through it and I got a girl! Even my brother — who has taken out every girl in the world — said WOW! when he saw her.
From a prep school student in Massachusetts

I was at a pet shop and I saw this cute girl. So, following the advice in your book, I said something to her. We got small-talking about the dog she was going to buy. Then I said may I call you sometime. Her eyes lit up with pleasure and surprise. She said, "Sure!" and gave me her name and number. To make a long story even longer, we've been going out the past couple of weeks and have a groovy relationship going. She's a stewardess and a great woman.
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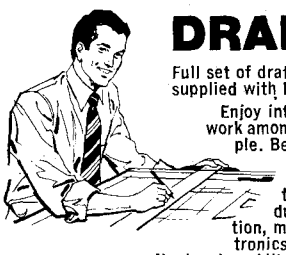

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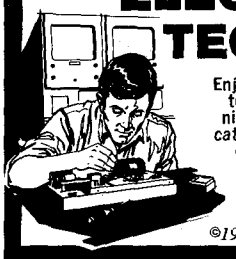

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